THE

Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,

Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,

For MAY, 1815.

VOL. XIII.

The Seventy-seventh Number.

THE ... ART MANAL ...

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We earnestly solicit communications on subjects of general interest, and also from professors of the arts and authors, respecting works which they may have in hand. We conceive that the evident advantage which must accrue to both from the more extensive publicity that will be given to their productions through the medium of the Repository, *needs only to be mentioned, to induce them to favour us with such information, which shall always meet with the most prompt attention.*

The Proprietor of the Repository respectfully informs his readers, that, with a view to the farther improvement of the work, and to render it still more worthy of the patronage bestowed on it, he shall close the present Series at the end of the Fourteenth Volume, and commence a new one, with some alterations in the plan, of which due notice will be given.

J. C. *will see that attention has been paid to his direction.*

A. H. B.'s *Sonnet is too sublime for our humble comprehension.*

We are obliged to C. R. jun. *for his ingenious representation of the Roman Alphabet, but fear that it would have little interest for grown readers.*

An Account of the late eminent engraver Bartolozzi, intended for the present Number, is deferred till next month; as we are in expectation of receiving in the mean time some valuable additional information.

The Proprietor begs leave to remind such of his Readers as have imperfect sets of the Repository, of the necessity of an early application for the deficiencies, in order to prevent disappointment. Those who chuse to return their Numbers to the Publisher, may have them exchanged for Volumes in a variety of bindings, at the rate of 5s. per Volume.

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For MAY, 1815.

The Seventy-seventh Number.

————The suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

ARMSTRONG.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By JUNINUS.

(*Continued from p.* 192.)

MISS EVE. Mrs. Blague, whom Rowe has altered to Alicia, was very ungrateful to Jane Shore, but this was in character. She was bad in the beginning of the connection, and she continued so to the end. Such persons should not be selected as friends; they have not a capacity for friendship: judging from themselves, they hardly believe even in its existence. Did you ever read what emolument Jane Shore procured from Edward for Mrs. Blague?

Miss *K.* It is said, a stately house and manor worth 280*l.* a year. Considering the difference in the value of money now and at that time, it was equal to a genteel income.

Miss *Eve.* Is it not out of nature to represent Jane Shore as telling her story after her death, after she has left this world?

Miss *K.* That she should be able to tell her story when separated from her body, seems out of nature; but, as for leaving the world, it is supposed highly probable by some of the greatest authorities, that we continue in this world after death. Dr. Sherlock, whose writings are in the very first class of exellence and fame, observes in his celebrated book on this subject--"That death, which is our leaving this world, is nothing else but our putting off these bodies; that it is only our union to these bodies that intercepts the sight of the other world. The other world is not at such a distance from us as we imagine; but as soon as we step out of these bodies, we step into the other world, which is not so properly another world (for there is the same heaven and earth still), as a new state of life. To live in these bodies is to live in this world—to live out of them is to remove

into the next; for while our souls are confined to these bodies, and can look only through these material casements, nothing but what is material can effect us; nay, nothing but what is so gross that it can reflect light, and convey the shapes and colours of things with it to the eye: so that though within this visible world there be a more glorious scene of things than what appears to us, we perceive nothing at all of it, for the veil of flesh parts the visible and invisible world. But when we put off these bodies, there are new and surprising wonders present themselves to our view. When these material spectacles are taken off, the soul with its own naked eyes sees what was invisible before, and then we are in the other world when we can see it and converse with it: and methinks this is enough to cure us of our fondness for these bodies, unless we think it more desirable to be confined to a prison, and to look through a grate all our lives, which gives us but a very narrow prospect, and that none of the best neither, than to be set at liberty, to view all the glories of the world."

Miss *Eve* Most of the best writers have entertained an idea that we are surrounded by invisible beings, and that there is a police unknown to us, to do poetical justice to this world. Shakspeare observes, that there are more things transacting in this world than our philosophers dream of; and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu says, that

——— spirits departed are wondrous kind
To friends and relations left behind,
Which nobody can deny.

Miss *K.* As you observe, most of the celebrated writers both ancient and modern have held opinions similiar to Dr. Sherlock's on this subject. The Scriptures, Homer, Virgil, Shakspeare, Milton, Gessner, Rowe, and many more might be mentioned. Thomson in his *Summer*, immediately before his elegant and affecting panegyric on Miss Stanley, a young lady of his acquaintance, who died at the age of 18, in 1738, introduces a speech by one of those creatures who formerly lived in this world in a body like ours.

Miss *Eve.* Will you repeat this passage?

Miss *K.*

Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,
A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,
Or stalk majestic on: deep rous'd, I feel
A sacred terror, a severe delight
Creeps through my mortal frame, and thus methinks
A voice than human more th' abstracted ear
Of fancy strikes:—" Be not of us afraid,
Poor kindred man; thy fellow-creatures we,
From the same parent power our beings drew,
The same our lords, and laws, and great pursuit;
Once, some of us, like thee, thro' stormy life
Toil'd tempest-beaten ere we could attain
This holy calm, this harmony of mind,
Where purity and peace immingle charms.
Then fear not us, but with responsive songs,
Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd
By noisy folly and discordant vice,
Of nature sing with us and nature's God."
And art thou, Stanley, of that sacred band,
&c. &c.

Miss *Eve.* If this is nature, Jane Shore may perhaps at times visit our theatres, and gliding in unperceived enjoy the representation of her own story. The Chinese and many other nations have also this belief, which presents a very extensive field for reflection. If we take the ladies of only ten generations back, what a variety they must have seen in the single article of female dress! What odd crea-

tures in those days paraded the spot on which we now walk, with their high-crowned hats and skewers instead of pins; with ruffs in the time of Elizabeth, when coaches had only just begun to be used, and the nobility came to the theatres on horseback; when Shakspeare, then a poor lad, held some of their horses at the Red Bull Theatre, at the upper end of St. John's-street, West Smithfield—with masks in the age of Charles II.—with the enormous hoops which succeeded—with patches—with the tight lacing so destructive to health and life—with the lofty and unwieldy head-dress full of pins, powder, and pomatum! I think it must be allowed, that the present generation comes nearer to the elegance and simplicity of the Grecian costume than any that has preceded it in this country; it allows the vitals their full play, and exhibits proportions, which Polycletus of Sicyon, that celebrated ancient sculptor, and author of the canon or standard of proportion and beauty, would have approved, and which Galen, the father of the ancient anatomical school, must have applauded. But perhaps unembodied spirits are raised to joys so superior to ours that these are mean in comparison; that the music of Handel, Purcel, Arne, are to them despicable compositions, and the warbling of Catalani only as the squalling of a cat. On Purcel's monument in Westminster Abbey, it is written:—"He is gone to that place where only his own harmony is exceeded." What such beings enjoy, or how they are endowed, is to us unknown. They may perhaps travel like the flash of lightning, like sight or thought, to and from the various planets, as well as in this nether world.

Miss *K*. Shakspeare has an idea of one of their musical entertainments. In his *Merchant of Venice*, he makes Lorenzo tell his love to the beauteous Jewess Jessica—who is much such another as yourself, Miss Eve—when in the moon-light night they are sitting in a garden at Belmont, that even the stars produce ravishing melody. He says—

How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!
Here we will sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica, look how the floor of heav'n
Is thick inlay'd with patterns of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubim,
Such harmony is in immortal sounds!
But while this musty vesture of decay
Doth grossly case us in, we cannot hear it.

Miss *Eve*. King Edward IV. is said to have observed of three of his mistresses, that one was the merriest woman in the world, the second the most witty, and the third the most holy, because she never stirred out of the church but when he sent for her. Which were these?

Miss *K*. Jane Shore, Catherine Clavenger, and Lady Bleasley.

Miss *Eve*. I think Raphael was born the same day that King Edward IV. died.

Miss *K*. King Edward IV. died of a fever caused, it is said, by extreme excess at a banquet, April 9, 1483. Raphael was born on Good Friday in the same year; and as this day generally happens at the beginning of April, it is not very

unlikely that Raphael came upon the stage of this world the same day that King Edward IV. left it. This prince of modern painters also died on Good Friday, 1520.

Miss *Eve.* If I recollect right, Albert Durer was born 12 years earlier, on Good Friday, 1471, the same in which the uncrowned King Edward V. was born. I do not hesitate to call this day, so celebrated for the sufferings of the Christian Messiah, *Good* Friday, though I was born and bred a Jewess. I have had the general prejudices of education instilled into my mind, like most of our peoples, as we call them, yet I never speak or think of other religions with disrespect. I believe that if they had power, as before the destruction of their monarchy, the Jews would be remarkable for toleration. The Christian Messiah and the prophet of the Turks were both the sons of Jewesses.

Miss *K.* In this respect, Miss Eve, you seem to be a great deal like the beauteous Zara, in Aaron Hill's celebrated tragedy of that name, when her female friend, the amiable Selima, solicits her to become a Christian, though her lover the Sultan Osman, is a Saracen. When shown a cross that was found suspended at her bosom when taken prisoner during her infancy, she exclaims—

Can my fond heart on such a feeble proof
Embrace a faith abborr'd by him I love?
I see too plainly custom forms us all;
Our thoughts, our morals, our most fix'd belief,
Are consequences of our place of birth.
Born beyond Ganges I had been a Pagan—
In France a Christian—I am here a Saracen:
'Tis but instruction all—our parents' hand
Writes on our heart the first faint characters,
Which time retracing deepens into strength,
That nothing can efface but death or heav'n.

Miss *Eve.* It must be allowed in favour of the Christians, that they stand on broader ground—they believe what the Jews believe, and they believe more.

You said you could trace the professional pedigree of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the best colourist born in this country, to Rembrandt; can you trace him to the age in which King Edward IV. lived?

Miss *K.* No; his professional pedigree does not take the direction of Rembrandt. I cannot trace Reynolds farther than the time of Queen Elizabeth, to Francis Perrier, a poor destitute lad, who was born at Maçon in Burgundy, in 1590, and who about 1607 being very desirous of studying his profession at Rome, the fountain-head, engaged to lead a blind beggar thither, on condition of sharing the alms obtained on the journey. With this equipage, he arrived at the capital of Italy. Perrier imitated Lanfranco. Had he been a pupil of this painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds's professional pedigree might be traced to Innocenzio da Imola, who lived about the time of Jane Shore. In this portfolio is a drawing I made of Francis Perrier's arrival at Rome with his companion, the blind beggar.

Miss *Eve.* How jocund and frolicsome the old man looks! they seem to have had a pleasant journey in this delightful country, this garden of Europe, as it is called. With a bunch of grapes in his pouch—on which the sun seems to shine with such brilliant touches—given perhaps by some hospitable hand in some vineyard they have passed, and with which Italy so much abounds——

Miss *K.* There is a levelling-

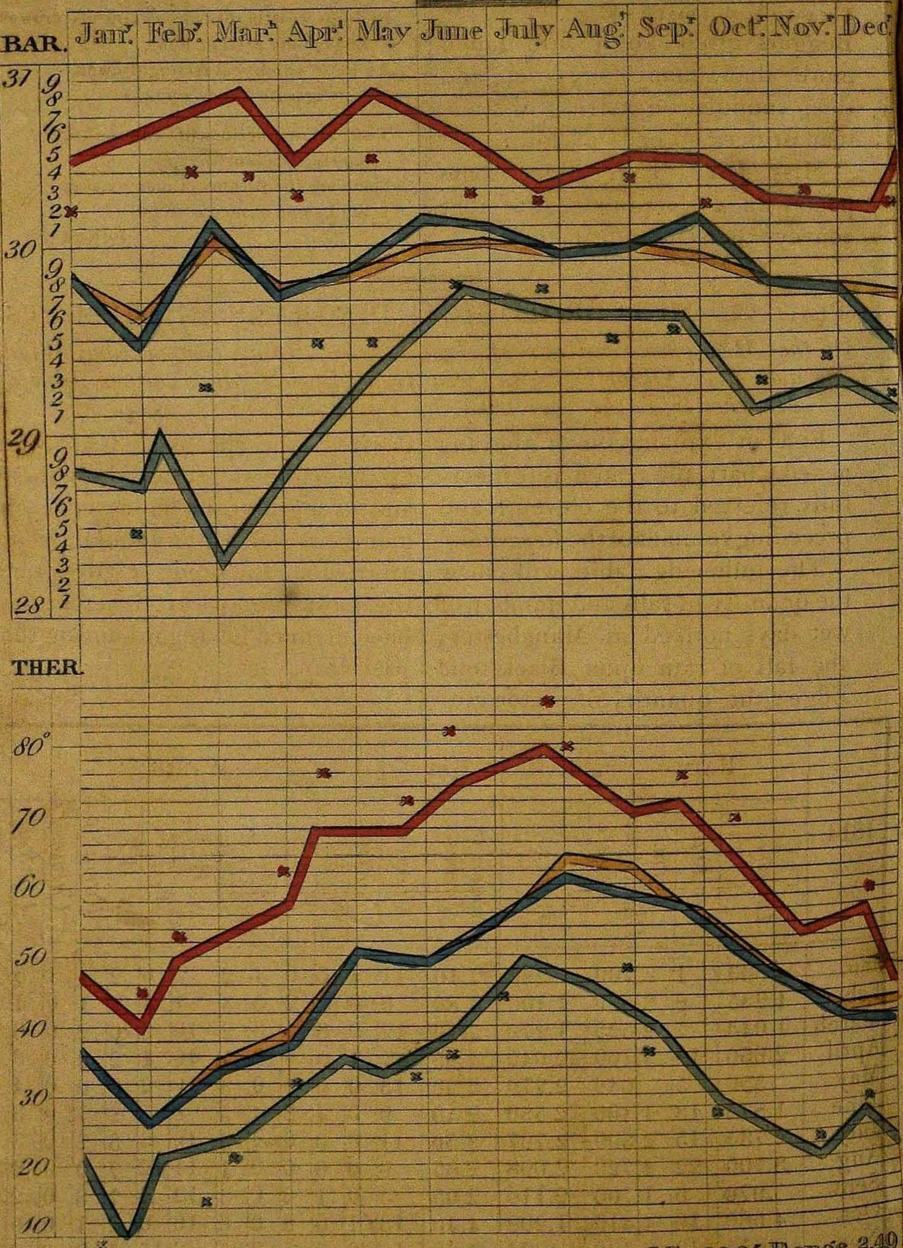
METEOROLOGICAL DIAGRAMS

Of the Presure and Temperature in the Year 1814,

exhibiting the Monthly Means and Extremes, deduced from Diurnal Observations made at

MANCHESTER,

1814 by THO^s. HANSON



Mean Annual presure 29.899 Max 30.84 Min 28.35 Range 2.49
Mean Annual temperature 47°.22 Max 80° Min 10° Range 70°

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Girtin sc. Broad S^t. Gold.

principle goes through the world—in most things what we get one way we lose another. Nature is more equal in her distributions of happiness to her children than is generally imagined; as Pope observes—

See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king.

Beggars often enjoy life much more than many suppose, and sleep sounder on a truss of straw than princes on beds of down.

Miss *Eve.* I recollect some poetry on a sleeping beggar that conveys the same sentiment:—

See where unhous'd at ease reclin'd
The strolling beggar lies;
Sleep, the great leveller of mankind,
Treads lightly o'er his eyes:

While haughty hearts and crafty heads
In watchful agony live;
While Pride sighs on embroider'd beds,
For what no pride can give;

Perhaps wealth, pleasure, conquests, crowns,
Engage his present hour,
An hour which real feeling drowns,
T'invigorate Fancy's power.

Thus all distinctions life can make,
An equal balance keep;
Some are the dreams of men awake,
And some of men asleep.

JUNINUS.

PLATE 22.—METEOROLOGICAL DIAGRAMS AND RESULTS

Of the Atmospherical Pressure, Temperature, Rain, Evaporation, Wind, and other Occurrences, deduced from diurnal Observations made at Manchester, in the Year 1814, *by* THOMAS HANSON, ESQ.

FOR an explanation of the annexed Chart, the reader is respectfully referred to the eleventh and preceding volumes of the *Repository.*

The following table will shew the quantity of rain and number of wet days noticed at Manchester; the fall of rain upon Blackstone Edge; the quantity of water evaporated; the spaces and changes of the barometer; and the course and strength of the winds for each month, as well as the annual totals: after which the reporter will notice the most prominent changes that have claimed his regard during the past year.

1814.	RAIN.			EVAP.	BAR.		WIND.											
	Inches.	*Wet Days.*	*Upon Blackstone Edge.*	*Inches.*	*Spaces in Inches.*	*Changes.*	*North.*	*N. E.*	*East.*	*S. E.*	*South.*	*S. W.*	*West.*	*N. W.*	*Variable*	*Calm.*	*Brisk.*	*Boisterous.*
Jan.	.660	1	.700	.285	7.40	11	4	6	6	4	2	2	0	2	4	1	5	0
Feb.	1.235	8	3.690	1.100	4.80	6	0	4	2	5	3	7	4	2	1	0	4	0
March	1.045	7	2.525	1.279	7.10	12	0	6	5	3	2	10	3	0	2	0	0	0
April	2.660	18	4.160	2.042	4.85	7	1	0	0	9	7	16	1	2	0	0	3	1
May	.550	5	.640	2.770	5.50	13	0	9	8	0	3	6	2	0	0	0	4	0
June	1.875	13	1.460	2.530	2.40	9	0	4	3	4	3	8	5	2	1	0	3	3
July	2.735	15	2.300	2.797	3.50	11	0	0	0	2	2	13	3	3	2	0	3	0
Aug.	3.700	22	4.720	2.098	2.65	9	0	0	0	0	1	11	12	7	0	0	2	1
Sept.	.970	6	1.700	2.116	2.05	5	0	1	2	0	3	12	2	7	3	0	2	0
Oct.	4.680	19	4.410	1.209	4.40	13	1	0	8	3	6	16	0	2	1	0	0	1
Nov.	2.055	19	3.430	.834	4.00	10	0	3	5	0	0	3	15	1	3	0	2	0
Dec.	4.305	13	5.250	1.104	4.60	17	0	0	5	3	7	7	0	5	4	0	5	1
Total	26,470	146	34.985	20.164	53.25	123	6	33	44	33	38	111	47	33	21	1	33	7

January.—A low state of temperature prevailed nearly throughout this month, the daily means fluctuating between 20 and 30°, and, in one instance (on the 17th), the minimum was 10°; this low state of temperature was preceded by heavy falls of snow, accompanied with gentle easterly winds. Very little rain fell, as might be expected from the above occurrences; my register only exhibits one day on which rain fell, which was on the 26th, at a time of general thaw, when the thermometer soon indicated 41°. Snow fell at intervals on thirteen days, and in four instances was attended with hail.

February.—This month was considerably more mild and humid than the preceding one; yet, in a few instances, was attended with low nightly temperatures; but which was, in the course of a few days, considerably augmented, so as to make the daily means average between 30 and 40°. On the 4th the temperature was as low as 22°; but on the 12th it was as high as 50°. Monthly mean nearly 10° more than that of January. Four days were marked by falls of snow and hail.

March.—The first twenty days were cloudy and cold, attended with frequent showers of snow; in one instance, viz. on the 5th, the snow assumed a very singular and regular arrangement of its particles; they were in the form of small, flat, semi-incrusted *stars*, each being composed of *six radii:* all that I saw had the same number of radii, and the stars were nearly all of a size. On the 9th snow fell in larger quantities, having the same appearance as on the 5th. Towards the latter part of the month the weather became very mild, for the temperature frequently rose to 58°, attended with a gentle south-west wind, which, with a north-east wind, have been the most prevailing ones. This period has been free from either strong or boisterous winds.

April.—The prevailing temperature and falls of rain were mild and congenial to vegetation; to the 14th the atmosphere was also brilliant, but after this period clouds soon gathered, and rain fell at intervals to the end. On the forenoon of the 15th there was a sudden gust of wind; and on the 17th a boisterous south-east wind; on the 19th rain fell almost incessantly the whole of the day.

May was colder than the preceding month, although the atmosphere was generally clear, and attended with very little rain; the reason was, in a great measure, owing to the prevalence of the east and north-east winds. On the 6th there was a shower of snow.

June.—The first fortnight was cold and cloudy for the season, particularly from the 1st to the 9th, as the wind chiefly blew from the east quarter, which had the effect of retarding vegetation, particularly as the fall of rain had been trifling for six weeks past. It is remarkable that, during this and the preceding month, the greatest extremes took place in the course of twenty-four hours; in the present instance the difference of the extremes of temperature indicated 28°, the maximum being at 67° and the minimum 39°: it was upon the 9th, or upon the day these changes took place, that the wind changed from

east to south. Much honey dew appeared upon currant and other trees during the continuance of the easterly winds. The latter part of the month was warm, and attended with occasional showers of rain, which much revived the drooping state of vegetation.

July.—Rain fell at intervals and in larger quantities, which greatly accelerated the productions of the ground. On the 20th, about four o'clock in the evening, there was very vivid lightning and loud thunder; after which an inch and a half of rain fell in the course of half an hour: wind blew strong, but sultry, from the south-west previous to the storm, but about the time of the thunder it became a complete calm. The temperature, in consequence, was lowered, but it soon showed a quick and great augmentation, for on the 25th it was as high as 80°, being the annual maximum.

August.—This month was decidedly very cloudy and showery, for there were 22 days on which the rain fell less or more; yet the monthly quantity only exceeds the preceding month by one inch: the temperature in consequence received a sensible diminution. Prevailing winds south-west and north-west. On the 6th and two following days, it blew strong and boisterous from the former quarter, attended with heavy rain.

September.—From the 1st to the 12th the curve of temperature was lowered 16°, the minimum being as low as 40°; but at the end of a week from this depression, the heat was raised to 74°; which constitute the monthly extremes. This month has been fine, brilliant, and dry—prevailing wind south-west. On the 11th, at nine o'clock in the evening, the sky being free from clouds, there was a luminous band, like an halo, but much narrower, which extended quite across the hemisphere, in the direction from north-north-east to south-west by south; it continued near an hour, gradually disappearing by diffusing its light laterally.

October.—From the 1st to the 12th the weather became much colder; the thermometer indicated 2° below freezing, but which was at the end of four days raised 26°. Wind boisterous from the south-west. Rain now fell in large quantities, and continued so almost uninterruptedly to the end.

November was noted for fluctuations of heat, interspersed with gloomy and rainy days. Mean monthly temperature about 40°; minimum as low as 23°, and which occurred on the 22d.

December, upon the whole, was as mild as November; indeed the two monthly extremes were several degrees higher. On the 16th the wind blew a violent hurricane from the south-south-west nearly the whole of the day; its fury did much damage to houses and other buildings, by unroofing and otherwise damaging them;—there was a great and sudden loss of barometrical pressure; in the course of the day the mercury lost 9-10ths of an inch. Early on the morning of the 14th there was thunder and lightning.

The annual pressure of the barometer is . .	29.899 *in.*
Ditto thermometer .	47°.223
Mean temperature of the six summer months	58°.80

Mean temperature of the six winter months	38°.64
Fall of rain in Manchester	26.470 *in.*
Do. upon Blackstone Edge	34.985 *in.*
Annual quantity of water evaporated from a surface of water	20.163 *in.*
Ditto spaces described by the barometer, from its mean daily curve .	53.25 *in.*
Ditto number of barometrical changes	123
Prevailing winds, south-west, west, and east.	

Manchester, March 10, 1815.

FRAGMENTS FROM THE POCKET-BOOK OF AN AMATEUR.

(Continued from p. 197.)

ADAPTATION OF ARCHITECTURE TO LANDSCAPE.

SOME critics have recommended, that regular architecture should be confined to the edifices of cities, pretending that architectural embellishments ill accord with the beauties of landscape. Yet the beauties of nature and of art, when judiciously opposed and contrasted, tend reciprocally to set off and heighten each other. An elegant building may certainly if *misplaced* excite some regret in the beholder. Were we to find a palace standing insulated on a dreary heath, or a villa planted on the brow of some frightful precipice, on some barren rock, or swampy marsh, we might be permitted to express signs of disgust; nay, were we to discover them in some sequestered rustic work, we might perhaps think, that a cottage (yet not a spruce, white-washed, painted one) would be more in unison with the scene: but to pretend that the graces and symmetry of architecture should be banished from scenes of rural elegance, from lawns and groves, rivalling the fabled Arcadia, is an opinion too barbarous ever to be promulgated by a lover of the arts. Art certainly ought not to encroach on the province of nature; yet she may be permitted to embellish her. A Palladian edifice, situated on a verdant lawn, sheltered by the surrounding groves, with whose foliage it happily contrasts, can be no more deemed repugnant to taste, than the gem which sparkles on the forehead of a beauty, and appears to gain additional lustre by being placed among her dark and glossy tresses. Here art should stop: it is as great a profanation of loveliness and taste, to disfigure the one by powder, pomatum, patches, stiff stays, loops, and other abominations, as to mar the features of nature by employing the shears, the square, and the rule. In both cases, a little art may sometimes help the defects of nature, but then her operations must not be evident. A little rouge may sometimes give an additional lustre to the eye; the axe may remove a tree that conceals some interesting object, and the spade may widen the channel of the stream; for here art is only assisting nature, and acting as it were under her guidance and directions: when she disfigures the form of loveliness, and almost obliterates all appearance of the human figure, by piling up

loads of false hair on the head, screwing in the waist, and distorting the shape by an immense hoop; when she hews trees into forms the most monstrous; then, indeed, if she deserves the name of art, she acts in direct opposition to nature and taste. The same correct taste which leaves the stream to meander through the glade, the broad lake to expand itself at pleasure, the grove to spread its luxuriant branches untrimmed by the shears; the same taste which prefers the natural slope to the formal terrace with flights of steps, the gently sinuous bend to the strait alley; in short, that same taste which abhors all formality and appearance of constraint in natural objects, desires to perceive in artificial ones plan and regularity, uniformity and symmetry.

It is absurd to maintain, as some have done, that because in some instances a slight sacrifice of internal convenience has been made to outward uniformity, that uniformity is not worth attending to. It is here that a skilful architect can show his superior talent, by uniting perfect conveniency of interior arrangement with external beauty; and the more happily the difficulty is overcome, the greater the pleasure we receive. It certainly would be more lucky for men without talents, were we to refrain from imposing such cruel restraints upon them; but a paltry scribbler might as well plead, that it is unreasonable to expect sense combined with elegant versification and rhymes.

If the introduction of regular and splendid structures among natural scenery, is not consonant to taste, we must allow, that it is somewhat surprising, that many of the greatest masters should have embellished their landscapes by magnificent buildings, both in ruins and entire. So far, however, am I from coinciding in the opinion, that magnificent architecture ought to be banished the country, that I think a beautiful edifice is seldom seen to a greater advantage than at the extremity of a beautiful lawn, where it may be seen from so many points of view, and may be contemplated at leisure. Within towns it often happens, that many noble pieces of architecture are so unfavourably situated, that it is almost impossible to obtain an advantageous view of them, nor do they retain their freshness amidst a smoky atmosphere. But there is certainly little reason to apprehend, that the seats of our nobility should become either too numerous, or too splendid: few, indeed, have been erected of late years which any way resemble the gorgeous palace or decorated villa; none that rival Houghton, Kedlestone, Wentworth Castle, or Chiswick. Some persons perhaps think, that the beauties of architecture may be dispensed with amid scenes already so embellished by nature as to require no additional attractions; or perhaps they may regret, that fabrics which merit the attention of every one, should be placed in situations comparatively obscure and remote from the busy haunts of population. Were the latter really the case, I am afraid that the same feeling would incline them to regret, that even in our metropolis so little attention is paid to public

embellishment, that, with a very few exceptions, all ornament is reserved for the interior of the residences of our nobility. I am, moreover, of opinion, that the many beautiful seats with which our island abounds, have contributed in no small degree to the number of tourists, who again may sometimes have been the occasion of so much attention being paid to the embellishment of the seats and their vicinity.

Why any one should object to place a master-piece of building in a spot which is already adorned by nature, it is not easy to conjecture. Is it because they are so economic in their enjoyment, that they are unwilling to gratify the eye by a combination of the excellences of art and nature in the same scene? We are not forgetful of the old adage, *de gustibus*, &c. but really such a taste appears unaccountable, though there certainly are persons who admire, or at least affect to prefer, the bleak and savage scenery of a mountainous country, to the sylvan amenities of Richmond and the Thames, and the gigantic and terrific features of the Giant's Causeway, to the groves and lawns of Windsor, or the elysian shades of Stowe. I think, that that taste is little to be envied, which prefers the wild and monstrous to the beautiful in nature; Norway rocks and the boiling *jets d'eau* of Iceland, to the fairy scenery of a Claude. But to leave this digression, and return to my immediate subject: can any one really think, that a plain or uncouth building would better grace the site of Blenheim-House, than the present majestic palace? that a white-washed house would be more becoming the lawns of Chiswick, than the edifice which, as long as any taste for architecture shall remain, will preserve the name of Burlington from oblivion? Can any one seriously pretend to assert, that those splendid piles, which have been erected to grace so many beautiful scenes, are contrary to sense or taste? If they do, they may console themselves by the reflection, that the present age will not add many to the number of these enormities.

ON SERVILE IMITATION IN ARCHITECTURE, AND LIBERTY OF INVENTION.

There seems lately to have been a considerable revolution in architectural taste; it is now requisite to adhere as minutely as possible to the models of Athens and Græcia Magna, every deviation from which is censured as unclassical. But methinks this is strange pedantry; in the other arts, such servile attachment to the ancients is neither exacted nor observed. For my own part, I must confess, that I have often discovered beauties in the exuberant fancy and picturesque grandeur of Piranesi, which afford gratification not inferior to that to be found in contemplating the ruins of Athens. If I may venture so daring an opinion, I think that some of the specimens of the Doric order, in its primitive simplicity, are rather uncouth than beautiful, at least I cannot discover that superlative excellence that calls forth such enthusiastic approbation; there is something so extremely massy in its proportion, and homely in its general appearance, as to render it unfit for a building whose

character requires elegance. I do not pretend to say, that they are unworthy the attention of the student, or that he may not, on some occasions, employ them to advantage; yet I would not have him copy them too exactly, but rather endeavour to catch the spirit of great masters, than follow them servilely step by step. In literature greater latitude is allowed (*sometimes perhaps too much*). Our critics have at length discovered, that a play is not to be condemned for deviating from the rules of Aristotle; and that the Gothic drama, if it has not exactly similar, may possess, upon the whole, equal, perhaps superior excellencies. If, therefore, in literature we have shaken off the trammels imposed upon us by prejudice and pedantry, why should we wish to retain them in architecture?

We do not wish to behold the chorus of the Greek stage on the boards of Drury-lane, neither do we any longer affect to admire cold and insipid imitations of the Grecian tragedy; nor do we require, that ancient fables should furnish our poets with the subjects for their muse.

We are proud to bestow the epithet classic on our Drydens and Popes; why not confer the same on our Wrens and Chambers's? Is it because, in architecture alone, that which in the other arts would be termed originality and genius, is stigmatized as capricious and unclassical? Surely here, as elsewhere, there is a happy medium to be obtained, equally remote from servile copying and barbarous licentiousness. Those who are determined to find fault with every building that is not a counterpart of an antique temple, will reproach Somerset-House for not being of pure Grecian architecture; yet they do not quarrel with the *Rape of the Lock* for depicting modern gallantry. There is, at least, equal judgment in borrowing the models of our palaces and casinos from the banks of the Brenta, as from the ruins of Athens and Pæstum: the former will at least afford something more analogous to modern habits and character; the latter may be majestic and grand, yet have an air too severe and uncouth to be easily moulded to domestic structure.

The Senate-House at Cambridge is an edifice of better taste, more homogeneous in its parts, forms altogether a completer whole, and is less foreign to our manners and associations, than such a tame, stiff, and pedantic imitation of antiquity as Downing College, where nothing is to be observed of what painters term keeping. The transition from ornament to plainness is too sudden; the windows any thing but beautiful; besides, they want a cornice and bolder architrave, to make them assimilate with the fluted Ionic columns, with which again the plain entablature forms a violent contrast.

While, however, I condemn such pedantic imitations of classic remains of antiquity, I am far from denying, that the study of them is useless or unimportant; but let us study them as we do the ancient poets, with the view of acquiring a refined taste and correct judgment; not imitate the one as a school-boy would the other. Invention may be allowed in architecture as well as in the other fine arts;

licentiousness certainly ought not to be tolerated: but under the direction of a correct taste, liberty of invention will never be abused, or degenerate into extravagance; or should it occasionally be productive of defects, it might be fertile in beauties that would more than compensate them. No one can view with greater abhorrence than myself, such violations of simplicity, such puerilities as pediments within pediments, twisted columns, scrolls, balustrades running up a pediment, obelisks on balustrades, &c. which are not only palpable absurdities against reason, but gross deformities, without any thing like beauty to plead in their behalf.

THE COGITATIONS OF SCRIBLERUS.

No. XIV.

Be laughter loud and jocund shout,
And bards to cheer the wassail rout
With tale, romance, and lay;
And of wild mirth each clamorous art,
Which if it cannot cheer the heart,
May stupify and stun its smart
For one loud busy day.

I SHALL give the following narrative under assumed names, and leave my readers to apply them to the real personages.—Among the numerous divinities at whose shrine Sir Harry Dashwood paid his devotions, was a lady of the name of Mandeville. This model for our modern Cleopatras was indeed a very elegant woman, or rather a devilish fine creature, the latter term being employed as the most significant by the *petits maitres* of the day. Indeed, her person and manners would not in the least have suffered by a comparison with those of the Egyptian queen. She lived in a rank of life that enabled her to indulge her propensities uncontrouled, and which left her deaf to the whisperings of scandal, and blind to the sneers of envy, whose arrows dropped to the ground like those of the capricious boy, which, directed against the son of Ulysses, recoiled harmless from the ægis of Minerva. Nature had heaped on this lady her highest perfections; Taste and Science had cultivated her mind; Fortune emptied her cornucopia at the feet of her favourite; Pleasure caught her in his golden net; and Joy confined her in his silken trammels. She was of foreign birth, and lived, as she had been nurtured, in all the luxuries of Asiatic refinement. This lady had left town for the Continent, and the butterflies who had fluttered around her were obliged to seek fresh game. Jewellers mourned her absence, and Fashion hung her head in despondence; the spruce shopman spread his Tyrian dyes in vain, and the *perruquier* left his tresses unregarded. Sir Harry Dashwood had not one morning seen that most fashionable of all fashionable papers, or he would have read of "the arrival of Mrs. Mandeville;" but sauntering up St. James's-street with some brethren of the sword, he perceived the fair hand of his fa-

vourite Dulcinea wrung to catch his attention. He took out his glass, when, convinced it was the lady, he quitted the arm of Captain Hill, and poured into the carriage his compliments and congratulations. He would have entered the barouche had he not had an appointment at the *orderly* room. He, therefore, for the present bade her adieu, promising to meet her at the Opera, and thence to accompany her to Lady Martingdon's *petit souper*. At the Opera Mrs. Mandeville, aided by a galaxy of jewels, looked more charming than usual. She made room for him in the box next her, and no longer heeded the buzzes of many titled flatterers around her. He accompanied her to the rest of her parties, and a regular course of siege now commenced, attended with the usual insincerity and credulity of persons in similar situations.

Affairs remained in this posture till town became nearly deserted. The birth-day had been over above a month; Parliament was prorogued; Pall-Mall was without a single stroller—the *quals* had left it, and its broad pavement, sun-dried walls, and dusty whirlwinds only annoyed demireps of small pay and officers on duty. The pert shopman was off for Brighton, while Margate's thronged hoys, or rather packets, left even the city in a state of comparative quiet. The Opera had ceased to charm, Drury to open his massy doors, and Covent-Garden's muriatic acid was no longer disturbed by the foot of the hackney-coach-horse. Among the last to retire from this emporium of the world was the beautiful Mrs. Mandeville, who now journeyed to her magnificent seat in Gloucestershire, where Voluptuousness held her reign, and Pleasure tripped with fallacious smiles in one continued circle. In the list of those whom she had invited to assist in murdering time was Colonel Sir Harry Dashwood, who, having procured further leave of absence, became her constant attendant.

The mansion of Mrs. Mandeville, though known by the humble title of "the Casino," was, in reality, a master-piece of architectural grandeur. The artist, an Italian, had exhibited a specimen of design which spoke the man of science, taste, and judgment, as well as the antiquary. To combine the various styles of building, and unite them into a perfect whole, so as to evade even the fastidious sneer of professional criticism, required abilities far above mediocrity; yet such was the ingenuity of Signor Alberti Marselli, that this seeming incongruity was, in fact, rendered a source of order and propriety. The principal front presented a façade projecting from the body of the building, composed of the Ionic order of the Roman manner. The columns were arranged in peristyle, and terminated in circular wings; the entablature which surrounded them formed the parapet of an open terrace, commanding an extensive view of wood and water, and was defended by a handsome range of balustrade. From the centre of the general mass of building rose a majestic dome; this, as well as the decorative parts of the mansion, was composed of entire blocks of marble, furnished by the quarries of Italy.

The humbler material stone was seen only as a foil to mark the progressive gradations from solidity and strength to lightness and elegance. A flight of steps led to the entrance, on either side of which were niches, embellished with designs of the purest antique; statues of Hercules and Antæus, of Achilles and Patroclus, filled them. The windows of this front were of German plate glass, reaching to the floor; foliage and basso-relievo in sunk recesses profusely decorated those parts where vacuity would have been detrimental to the general effect. In short, the hand of science was evident throughout the whole. The back elevation corresponded in distribution with the principal front. The Grecian order was here substituted for the Roman Ionic, rising from a rusticated basement. The east flank exhibited specimens of the Egyptian, Chinese, and Moorish styles of architecture; and the west was designed in the Saxon, Gothic, and castellated taste. Its vestibule, leading from the principal portico, opened into a saloon, and left the eye no end to range or the mind to be astonished. Its form was a parallelogram. Columns of the Corinthian order supported a long gallery, extending entirely round; the purest statuary marble composed their bases and capitals; their shafts were of Sienna. A tesselated pavement, whose brilliant hues almost forbade the steps to sully its beauties, spread through this sumptuous area. Luxury had precluded the entrance of any uncongenial temperature by means of an artificial atmosphere, supplied by stoves of or-molu, supported by lions' paws of granite. On the walls of this saloon were exhibited specimens of the first masters, both in painting and sculpture. The celebration of the Olympic games afforded subjects for the former; and select scenes from the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, gave ample scope to the latter. Tripods of *verd antique*, cut from the solid block, in the most classic forms, occupied recesses beneath the gallery, alternately varied by niches containing fragments of former taste snatched from the ruins of Herculaneum or Pompeii. A complete order of caryatides sprung from the gallery to the ceiling; while a continued frieze, composed of masks, galloches, and festoons, ran throughout the whole. Consoles of excellent workmanship served to support busts of the illustrious men who flourished in the republics of Greece and Rome. Vases of Etruria, candelabra, and other relics of antiquity, found appropriate places. At one extremity of the saloon was the Laocoon, and at the other a design by one of the most eminent masters.

As this was the grand climax of the building, I have been rather particular in describing its magnificence, and shall speak more generally of the rest. Suffice it to say, although each part was designed and fitted up in a different manner, it was alike expensive and astonishing. But it was in this splendid saloon that a temporary platform was erected, and here the balls, the masquerades, the concerts, plays, and public *déjeuners*, were given, and conducted in the most superb manner. An immense number of amateur and professional

musicians were always on these occasions provided, habited like the *improvisatori* of Italy, who, dispersed in the gallery, which was lighted by chandeliers of the purest crystal, drew forth their dulcet sounds among orange-trees and other exotic and odoriferous shrubs. Egyptian and Chinese vases of ground glass, tastefully ornamented, were suspended by gilt chains, and emitted light and essence from the most costly gums and spices of India; while myriads of coloured lamps, hung in almost numberless devices, shed a profusion of tempered light, and reflected by numerous mirrors, were multiplied to infinity. It was customary at this palace of Pleasure to leave off dancing at three o'clock in the morning, after which time the musicians quitted the gallery, and strolled about the building in small parties, entertaining any persons who requested them. Groups of the votaries of Pleasure now strayed about in small companies, unregarded by each other, as their several wishes inclined them; the domestics, in fancy dresses, attending to give every assistance, and obeying every command, as if they were requested by the lovely mistress. At this hour, caution, no longer jealous of another's honour, was absent; cold mistrust and frigid propriety were entirely banished by these disciples of epicurism, as unfit companions for the Loves and the Joys, and

> Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
> Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles—
> Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
> And Laughter holding both his sides.

(To be continued.)

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER'S NEPHEW.

A YOUTH of eighteen, serjeant-major in the *tirailleurs* of a regiment of Bonaparte's old guard, escaped by little less than a miracle the fate of the rest of that regiment, cut in pieces at the bloody battle of Brienne. Having no reason to expect a second miracle, he returned to his father, whom he probably found not sufficiently liberal to satisfy his love of indolence and dissipation. Tired of being the son of a petty shopkeeper, Joseph Wallerstein—this was the name of the adventurer—conceived the idea of introducing himself into a more wealthy and distinguished family. He who has his choice would be a fool not to ally himself to one of the most illustrious. Wallerstein gave the preference to the family of Romanow, the head of which is neither more nor less than Alexander I. Emperor of Russia. He dubbed himself without ceremony the nephew of that monarch, at the moment when the eyes of all Europe were fixed upon him. He spoke German, had served in the Russian campaign, and possessed an inconceivable degree of audacity—resources well calculated to enable him to impose upon the credulous.

Our hero sallied from the *Rue du Tour St. Honoré*, the residence of the ignoble author of his existence, and introduced himself

to Galiseau, the *traiteur* on the *Boulevard de Mont Parnasse*, by the titles of Baron Count Kombu-ruski-Kaudoruski-Padoroski, colonel of Don Cossacks, commandant of a corps of jägers, aid-de-camp to the Emperor of Russia and Prince Schwarzenberg. In this manner he combined the most heterogeneous qualities, which he appropriated either collectively or individually as he thought proper; but the title upon which he laid the greatest stress, and which he always assumed, was that of nephew to the great Alexander.

Wallerstein became acquainted at his new lodgings with several persons, to whom he promised his powerful protection. He honoured with his particular favour a young student at law, named Sullinger, who esteemed himself inexpressibly happy in offering the prince a pair of pistols to which he seemed to take a fancy, and which were certainly more suitable for a colonel of Cossacks than for a young lawyer.

The new prince drove about in Paris in hired coaches which he forgot to pay for; and he referred hatters, bootmakers, and even confectioners and pastry-cooks—for his highness was fond of sweet things—to his treasurer.

One day the prince took it in his head to visit the *Hôtel des Invalides*, the retreat of the brave. Notwithstanding the simplicity of his dress—he wore a green coat, which reminded you of the great Frederic's old blue frock—and notwithstanding his pitiful retinue—for as he was not fond of pomp, he was attended by one single ragged servant—Alexander's nephew experienced a reception suitable to the rank and name of his illustrious uncle.

He was shown the dome and all the curiosities. He went down to the dining-hall, and drank to the health of all the brave invalids, who returned it with that of the Emperor of Russia. Upon this he took the insignia of an order from his button-hole, and presented it to an officer, and when the latter made some scruple to decorate himself with it, the prince commanded and the officer obeyed.

Another officer was taking snuff out of a silver box: the prince asked for a pinch, and put the box in his pocket, saying, "I will keep it as a memorial of a brave soldier; you will permit me to exchange a gold one with you for it." The officer, astonished at so much condescension, was silent. "I wish," continued the prince to the general, "to leave these respectable soldiers proofs of my liberality."—"They are expressly forbidden to accept any thing."—"I have occasion besides to make some little purchases, and as I have nothing but Russian paper, you can perhaps direct me where I can obtain cash for it."—"I cannot," replied the general, offering his purse to supply his immediate wants. It was accepted, though it contained only twenty pieces of gold, and the prince had for the last, as well as the first time visited the *Hôtel des Invalides*.

So far Wallerstein's expeditions fell under the cognizance of the correctional police alone; his excursions in the environs of P——s made him a fit subject for the court of assize. He resided some time at Meudon, where he launched out

into great expence, and kept an open table at the cost of his landlord, and then determined to lay Versailles under contribution. On the road he met with a French officer, whom, however, he could not persuade to place much faith in his tales or his titles. At Versailles he observed an old man decorated with the order of St. Lazarus and St. Louis. "I am rejoiced," said he to him, "to meet with an old servant of the king." He then told his story, which M. de Belmare de St. Cyr believed, with a sincerity which was evinced by his whole behaviour. He invited the prince to dinner, and the latter again loosed from his button-hole the blue ribbon of an order, which he transferred to his host, and formally created him a grand commander of the order of Malta. The honour of treating a prince and the new decorations must have terribly confused M. de Belmare's memory; otherwise, he could not have failed to recollect, that the ribbon of Malta is black, and that in this order there is no such title as grand commander.

M. de Belmare had well nigh become the innocent accomplice of an impostor whose victim he was. On the strength of the young prince's promises, Madame de Belmare was making all the necessary preparations to go to Paris, where she was to be presented to the Emperor Alexander: the illustrious guest had again nothing but Russian paper; he accepted the purse of the lady, who made many apologies for the smallness of the sum it contained. Her husband took him to a watchmaker, and warmly recommended to him the distinguished customer he had brought. Our hero chose a watch and chain, for which he was to pay 800 francs, and ordered the watchmaker to call the next day for his money at Meudon, of which he (the prince) was governor, ordering him, at the same time, to bring with him more watches, the sale of which he would ensure, and promising him the post of inspector of clocks and watches in the castle. In the watchmaker's shop, he also wrote out with his own hand the patent of grand commander for M. de Belmare.

In the evening he went with the new-made commander to the coffee-house. Hither accident also brought the watchmaker, and the incredulous officer whom he had met with in the morning. The watchmaker, warned by the latter, requested to speak in private with the prince for two minutes, and insisted that he should pay his money, or return the watch. The adventurer finding himself discovered, gave back the watch, laying injunctions of the most profound silence on the tradesman: he then abruptly quitted the coffee-room, mounted his horse and gallopped to Paris; while the officer went in pursuit of him to Meudon, where he found a grand entertainment provided, and a numerous company assembled and waiting for the prince.

Some days afterwards, on the 2d of May, the Cossack colonel, not deterred by his late failure, went to St. Maur and sent for the mayor, who happened to be absent; the mayor of the next commune, Pont St. Maur, was therefore fetched to him. The prince announced that the Emperor of Russia, with 800 cavalry of

his guard would be at St. Maur at ten o'clock the same evening, and gave orders for the necessary provisions and forage. The mayor solicited a written requisition, which was immediately given. Whilst the utmost exertions were ineffectually making to collect the articles required, the prince invited himself to dine with the mayor. He purloined a watch from his host, and then proceeded to M. Mallet of La Garenne, who was to furnish sixty rations and quarters for sixty men. All the efforts of the inhabitants to supply the requisition were unavailing, and it was suggested, that it might perhaps be possible at Vincennes. His highness condescended to write with his own hand a most gracious letter to General d'Ausmenil, governor of Vincennes. It is impossible to say how the farce might have ended, but for the arrival of M. de Caylus, the mayor of St. Maur. Instead of suffering himself to be dazzled, like so many others, by all the fine titles of the prince, he compared facts and circumstances, conceived a suspicion that he was an impostor, told him so to his face, and ordered him to be apprehended. The ex-colonel, who had conducted himself like a genuine Cossack, gave up both the watches, and was conveyed to Paris. General Sacken delivered him over to Count Rochechouart, and the count into the hands of justice.

The indictment charged our hero with forgery, and the attorney-general endeavoured to prove, that the different papers drawn up by Wallerstein, and subscribed with a fictitious name, were actual forgeries. Couture, the counsel for the accused, succeeded, however, in convincing the jury, that these documents, destitute of every character of legal authenticity, which could produce no advantange to the writer, and do but a very trifling injury to those to whom they were given, were totally different from what the law denominated forgery. The jury therefore acquitted Wallerstein of that charge, but found him guilty of fraud; he was sentenced to five years' imprisonment, and to pay a fine of 300 francs, and the costs of the process.

Wallerstein is a Jew, and among the singularities of the case, one of the most diverting is, to see a Jew creating commanders of the order of Malta.

THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. L.

How sweet to wind along the cool retreat,
To look and gaze on Delia as I go;
To mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet,
And teach my lovely scholar all I know!——HAMMOND.

THE celebrated Lord Shaftesbury being once asked, what means he employed to acquire those attractive graces of manners and conversation which were so delightful to all and so peculiar to himself, is said to have made the following reply:—" An indifferent constitution and an unconquerable diffidence of disposition, prevented

me from engaging in the usual pleasures and social amusements of young men of my own age and rank in life; and consequently threw me into the society of elegant, accomplished, and highly educated women: and it is to that school I am indebted for all the advantages which partial friendship is pleased to attribute to me."

This is high, and indeed irresistible authority; but reason and experience will support the doctrine, that the association with women of superior understandings and possessed of those admirable qualities which are generally found to result from them, is the best introduction to the higher order of civil life; and, in its different gradations, a certain source of improvement in every class of society.

I am not speaking of the bluestocking ladies, who affect to know more than the men; or those masculine heroines, who affect to act like them; but such as in their different spheres consider propriety, and conduct themselves according to that consideration. She who makes her husband and her children happy, who reclaims the one from vice and trains up the other in virtue, is a much greater character than ladies described in romance, with qualities which women do not, and, indeed, ought not to possess. The fair sex are not formed for great cares themselves, but to soften ours. Their tenderness is the proper reward for the dangers we undergo for their preservation; and the ease and cheerfulness of their society form a desirable retreat from the fatigues of intense application: but when they quit that softness which is so charming, when they stray from the limits of domestic duty, they move beyond their sphere, and banish the Graces from around them.

With these impressions, it may be naturally supposed, that I feel uncommon pleasure in reflecting on the character which I am about to give to my readers.

Catharina Alexowna, born near Dorpat, a small town in Livonia, was heiress to no other inheritance than the virtues and frugality of her parents. On the death of her father, she continued to live with her mother, and, though very poor, they were very contented. Here by her labour she supported her parent, who was incapable of supporting herself; and while Catharina spun, the old woman would read aloud some book of devotion. Though she was very beautiful, and must have known it, her great wish was to improve her mind; her mother had taught her to read, and an old Lutheran minister had instructed her in the duties of religion. Nature had furnished her with a strong understanding, and reason had taught her how to direct it aright. It is natural to suppose, that so qualified, she would receive offers of marriage from the neighbouring peasants; but no consideration would induce her to endure a separation from her mother.

She was seventeen when her mother died; and she now went to live with the Lutheran minister, in quality of governess to his children. The venerable man, who regarded her with paternal attention, had her instructed in music and dancing by the masters who attended the rest of his family;

and thus she continued to cultivate her mind till her protector died; when she was reduced to her original condition. The country of Livonia was at this time wasted with war, and Catharina, with all her accomplishments, experienced the miseries of poverty. As they every day appeared to increase, she resolved at length to set out on a hazardous journey to Marienburgh, a city where she hoped to find a better fate and fortune.

With her scanty wardrobe packed up in a wallet, she set out on a journey which lay through a country wretched from nature, but rendered still more hideous from its being a scene of continual contest between the Russians and the Swedes, and subject to all the horrors of such a situation. One evening, as she entered a cottage by the way-side, to take up a lodging for the night, she was insulted by two Swedish soldiers, who began to threaten her with violence, when a subaltern officer, accidentally passing by, afforded her his protection. But how great was her surprise and delight, when in her deliverer she beheld the son of the Lutheran minister, her late benefactor, patron, and friend! Her distress at this time was very great, as almost all her clothes were exhausted, in order to satisfy those who had received her into their houses. Her generous protector, however, was ready with all the relief in his power; he accordingly furnished her with some clothes, procured her a horse, and gave her letters of recommendation to Mr. Gluck, an intimate friend of his father's, and the superintendent of Marienburgh. Into his family she was immediately admitted as governess to his two daughters; and, though so young, discovered herself to be capable of instructing her pupils not only in virtue, but in manners and accomplishments. Such were her charms, such the understanding and good sense which she displayed on every occasion, that her master himself was induced to make her a proposition of marriage, which, to his no small astonishment, she thought proper to decline. She had already resolved to prefer her deliverer to any other person in the world, though he had lost an arm, and was otherwise disfigured by the chances of war.

In order to prevent further solicitations from others, as soon as the officer came to town upon duty, she made known her disposition towards him; he, as may well be supposed, received the communication with transport, and the interval was not long before their nuptials were solemnized. But all the traits of her fortune were to be marked with an extraordinary colour and character. On the very day of their union, Marienburgh was attacked by the Russians; and, as it were, from the altar, and ere he could call Catharina his own, and express his happiness, the bridegroom of scarce an hour was summoned to an attack, from which, alas! he never returned.

In the mean time, the siege proceeded with uncommon fury. The war at this time was carried on between Russia and Sweden with the most savage barbarity; Marienburgh was taken by assault, and such was the fury of the assailants, that not only the garrison, but the

greater part of the inhabitants were put to the sword. At length, when the carnage had in some measure subsided, Catharina was discovered, concealed in an oven.

She had hitherto been poor, but still she was free: she was now, however, called upon to conform to her hard fate, and to learn to be a slave. In this situation her piety consoled her, and she attentively fulfilled the duties which her situation required. Some account of her conduct and cheerful resignation reached Prince Menzikoff, the Russian general. He desired to see this extraordinary young woman, and was so struck with her beauty, demeanour, and the account she gave of her life, that he bought her from the soldier, her master by the rights of war, and placed her under the direction of his own sister. Here she was treated with all the kindness that her merit deserved, while her beauty appeared to increase with the favours of fortune.

She had not been long in this situation, when Peter the Great, accidentally paying the prince a visit, Catharina came into the room, and, on presenting some confectionary to the company, the monarch was at once struck with the graces of her manner, as well as the beauty of her person. On the next day he returned, demanded to see the beautiful slave, and, on conversing with her, found her understanding to be superior even to her exterior attractions.

This great prince had been forced, when young, to marry contrary to his inclinations, and from mere motives of interest. He was now determined to marry as his heart alone should dictate. He made a very minute inquiry into her history; he traced her through the vale of obscurity, through all the vicissitudes of fortune, and found her truly great in them all. The meanness of her birth formed no obstruction to his design; their nuptials were solemnized without pomp, the monarch assuring his courtiers, that virtue alone was the power which should prepare the ascent to a throne.

She had not now reached her twentieth year, and, from a straw-roofed cottage, had become empress of the most extensive empire of Europe. The poor solitary wanderer was now surrounded by thousands whom she made happy by her smiles. She who formerly wanted a meal, now possessed the power of diffusing plenty through a nation; and, which crowns the whole, she owed her exalted pre-eminence to her virtues, rather than to her fortune.

She ever after retained those qualities which elevated her to a throne; and while that extraordinary monarch and man, her royal husband, toiled to improve his male subjects, she studied, in her turn, the improvement of her own sex. She altered their dresses, introduced mixed assemblies, instituted a female order of knighthood, and, at length, after having performed, in the most illustrious and exemplary manner, the various great and important duties of sovereign, friend, wife, and mother, she quitted the life which she adorned, without an expression of regret, but amidst the tears and lamentations of a mighty empire.

I must beg leave to repeat what I have before observed to my correspondents, that the *Modern Spectator* does not intermeddle with political subjects. The letter, therefore, signed *Anti-Napoleon*, though admirably written, and bearing all the marks of authenticity, must be communicated to the public through another channel. If the writer would employ his pen on subjects within the scope of these papers, the Modern Spectator would think himself honoured, as he is certain his readers would be delighted with the effusions of his mind.

TYRANNY AND REVENGE.

Don Esquivel, who was once—no matter in what year—governor of Potosi, detached two hundred men from that place to the kingdom of Tueman, and forbade them in the strictest manner to oblige the Indians to carry their baggage, as usual. To ascertain whether his orders were obeyed, he concealed himself in a solitary place not far from the gate which the detachment had to pass. Here he perceived, that not the least attention was paid to his commands. Notwithstanding the rage into which he was thrown by this discovery, he suffered the whole party to march by quietly, except the last file. Here he seized a young man named Aguire, ordered him into confinement, and in a few days sentenced him to receive 200 lashes, because he had loaded two Indians with his baggage. Aguire remonstrated, through his friends, with Don Esquivel, and represented to the governor, that he was of good family, the brother of a wealthy planter, and believed that he had by no means deserved the ignominious punishment adjudged him; and that as a man of honour, he would rather be hanged at once than survive the disgrace. The governor persisted that the sentence pronounced against Aguire should be executed. The more urgent the applications, the more determined was his refusal. Esquivel had formerly been considered a worthy man, but when he attained higher dignities, his heart grew hard, and he became a tyrant. At length, by the most humble entreaties and representations, the friends of Aguire obtained a promise from Don Esquivel, that he would defer the execution of the sentence for eight days. They hastened overjoyed to the prison of the unfortunate Aguire to carry him the intelligence. To their utter astonishment, they found the delinquent mounted stark naked upon an ass, and the executioner behind him, just ready to begin scourging him through the town. "Hold! hold!" cried they all with one voice, producing the order obtained from the governor. No sooner was the young man informed of the nature of their errand, than he deprecated any farther delay in the execution of the sentence.—"Proceed," said he; "why should I be tormented eight days longer, when I have no mercy to expect?" The executioner accordingly be-

gan the operation, driving the ass through the streets, and scourging poor Aguire like the vilest of criminals. The resignation with which he endured this treatment, led his friends and relations to imagine that he meant to take a signal revenge. Secluded from all the world, he gave full scope to his grief, and seemed insensible to all the pleasures of life. Several of his friends sought to prevail upon him to enter again into the military service, but with a melancholy look he replied, "Nothing but the grave can cover my disgrace."

In this gloomy tone of mind, Aguire remained at Potosi, a voluntary outcast from society, till a successor was appointed to the governor Don Esquivel. He immediately hastened after him, with the determination to assassinate him. Esquivel, apprised of the circumstance, took a journey of three or four hundred leagues, for the purpose of escaping his pursuer. He went to Los Reyes. In a fortnight Aguire reached that city. Esquivel then struck off for Quito, which is four hundred leagues from Los Reyes. In twenty days Aguire was likewise there. Esquivel, seriously alarmed, now fled to Cusco, five hundred leagues distant from Quito. Thither also he was pursued by Aguire. All these journeys were performed by the unfortunate young man on foot, without shoes or stockings. If a friend advised him to take a horse, he would reply, "A scourged criminal like myself must not presume to ride, and must shun as much as possible the sight of men."

Esquivel, anxiously concerned for his life, remained at Cusco, took a house in the main street there, opposite to a convent, wore a coat of mail under his clothes, and never went abroad unless armed with his sword and poniard. Aguire kept himself quiet, watching an opportunity to surprise his mortal enemy unobserved, and to glut his revenge with his blood. One day, when he was taking his *siesta*, Aguire crept into his house, found him in a sound sleep upon his couch, and deliberately pierced him with his dagger in every part that was not covered with the armour. After the perpetration of the deed, instead of taking sanctuary in the opposite church, he ran like a madman through the streets of Cusco, crying, "Conceal me, citizens, conceal me!" He was of course seized by the officers of the police, and in a few days executed for the murder.

BIOGRAPHY OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH, THE FATHER OF AMERICAN COLONIZATION.

Captain Smith, descended of a respectable family, and heir to a competent fortune, was born at Willoughby, in Lincolnshire, in the year 1579. From his very childhood he was remarkable for a fervid fancy and a romantic disposition, and seemed bent on the performance of some daring and adventurous exploit, which might transmit his name with honour to posterity. It was not long before

his spirit of enterprise began to manifest itself, in something beyond the adventures of a child. When only thirteen years of age, he conceived an irresistible desire to visit the continent of Europe, where he felt persuaded, that he would soon be able to distinguish himself by some manly and memorable transaction. To raise money secretly, for the purpose of defraying the expences of his voyage thither, he sold his school-books, his satchel, and every other article of property placed at his disposal. His resolution, however, was suddenly checked and his arrangements defeated by the death of his father. This event placed him under the direction of guardians, who became more intent on the improvement of his fortune, than intellect. Pursuant to this plan, he was bound, at the age of fifteen, to a respectable merchant in the town of Lynn. Here his desire of visiting the Continent revived in all its former vigour; nor was it long till an opportunity of gratifying it occurred. The son of Lord Willoughby, a nobleman of distinction, had just arrived at age, when it was deemed expedient that he should commence the tour of Europe. Pleased with the manliness and accomplishments of young Smith, he invited him into his family, and they set out together on their travels over the Continent.

During his continuance in France and Holland, our young hero applied himself, with great assiduity and success, to the study of the rudiments of war, a profession for which he now manifested a settled predilection. Determined to devote himself entirely to military pursuits, he not long afterwards passed over into Scotland, encouraged by an expectation of honourable employment in the service of King James. Amused here with little else than courtly professions which were never realized, and splendid promises which remained unfulfilled, he soon left the north with sentiments of dissatisfaction, and returned once more to his family residence in the town of Willoughby. Meeting in this place with no associates professing dispositions congenial to his own, he suddenly adopted a course of life altogether singular and romantic in itself, and productive of no small solicitude to his friends. Retiring into a deep and solitary wood, situated at a considerable distance from the town, he erected for himself a pavilion of boughs, where he fixed for a time his permanent abode. In this seclusion, resembling more the residence of an anchorite than a soldier, he devoted his time to the practice of horsemanship, the use of the lance, and the study of some favourite treatises on the art of war. Nor was it till they had procured for him instructors in these various exercises and pursuits, that his friends were able to entice him from his chosen retirement.

About this period, a fierce and sanguinary war began to rage between the Christians and the Turks, which summoned to the field the martial youth from all parts of Europe. On such an occasion young Smith could no longer slumber in the lap of repose. Fired at once by his devotional Christianity and his love of glory, he determined to volunteer his services in

the conflict. With this intention he hastened to Flanders, and thence passed through France, where, amidst various perils and difficulties into which he was betrayed by inexperience, or hurried by youthful impetuosity, he never failed to manifest the spirit of an undaunted warrior and a high-minded cavalier. He was now on the eve of an adventure of the most extraordinary and romantic character. Nothing but a source of authority, which even scepticism itself must receive as unexceptionable, could induce us to record it among the realities of history. At Marseilles he set sail on a voyage to Italy. The vessel in which he embarked was principally filled with a large and promiscuous assemblage of pilgrims, who, whatever may be the fervency of their piety and devotion, are seldom very remarkable for their knowledge or liberality.

Scarcely had they lost sight of land, when the heavens became suddenly overcast, and a fierce and threatening tempest was on the wing. This scene of terrors continuing for several days, nothing but inevitable destruction seemed to await them. The pilgrims at length concluded, that such an awful visitation could be nothing less than a judgment from heaven, in consequence of the heresies and crimes of some of the passengers. Young Smith, being the only one on board of a religious persuasion differing from their own, was immediately singled out as the source of their misfortunes. Nor did these sanguinary fanatics deliberate long as to the course they should pursue. With a temper of mind worthy of the disciples of Moloch himself, they seized their victim, and threw him into the sea, as an expiatory offering to the ruler of the elements. Cool and collected even in this extremity of misfortune, our young hero, who was one of the most able and expert of swimmers, supported himself amid the waves with great strength and undaunted resolution. Partly by his own incredible exertions, but chiefly, as we are willing to believe, by a special interposition of Providence in his favour, which announced to the world that he was born for other and higher destinies, he reached in safety a small uninhabited island, not far remote from the coast of Italy.

The following day he had the good fortune to be rescued from this abode of solitude and want by a French rover, the captain of which treated him with parental kindness. He remained in this vessel a sufficient length of time to make the tour of the Mediterranean, visiting both the Mahometan and the Christian coasts. Falling in at length with a Venetian vessel, richly laden, a desperate conflict ensued, in which the prowess of Smith excited the highest admiration and applause. The merchantman becoming a prize, the crew of the pirate was enriched by the booty, our hero receiving his full proportion. Soon after this he was generously placed on shore, to pursue his inclinations, and spend his money amidst the antiquities and pleasures of Italy.

The disposition, however, of Smith leading him rather to the tumults of a camp, than the peaceful walks of classic ground, amid

faded greatness and mouldering ruins, he repaired to Vienna, where an army was embodying for an expedition against the Turks. Here he entered as a gentleman volunteer into the regiment commanded by the gallant Count Meldrich.

He had been but a short time attached to the banner of the cross, when he signalized himself by his enterprise and personal bravery. During the siege of Olumpagh and Alba-Regalis, he was the projector of stratagems, and the conductor of certain modes of attack against the enemy, which manifested in him an unusual talent for the art of war, and rendered essential services to the Christian cause. The command of a troop of horse, and soon afterwards the rank of first major, were conferred on him, as an acknowledgment of his high desert.

An occasion was now approaching, which gave to Captain Smith a distinguished rank among the most celebrated champions of the age. The regiment to which he belonged had invested a strong Turkish fortress, garrisoned chiefly by renegadoes and banditti. Owing to frequent and vigorous sallies from the gates, the works of the assailants advanced slowly and with great difficulty. During the progress of the siege, a Turkish officer, on horseback, issuing from the town, challenged to single combat any Christian of the rank of captain. This produced a signal commotion, accompanied with the most generous and high-minded emulation among the warlike spirits of the camp. Hundreds of hearts panted for the honour of humbling the pride of this insolent Mussulman, and as many swords were ready to start from their scabbards to execute the deed. So numerous and pressing were the claims of valour, that it became necessary to decide the contest by lot, when the turn of fortune proved favourable to Captain Smith.

This youthful hero had now become the champion on whose sword hung the honour of the Christian arms. Consequences proved that so sacred a trust could not have been committed to abler hands.—The ramparts of the town being filled with ladies and men glittering in arms, the two combatants appeared; mounted each on a war-horse of singular elegance and clothed in suits of splendid armour, they entered the field to the sound of trumpets. Rushing to the charge at a given signal, Smith, on the first encounter, struck his adversary dead to the ground. He then sprang from his horse, according to the rules and conditions of the combat, and cutting off his head and despoiling him of his armour, bore them both in triumph within the Christian lines. Mortified and enraged at the fate of their champion, and determined to wash from their arms so foul a blot, the infidel garrison sent forth from the walls two other officers, bearing the same defiance on their swords. These were severally engaged by our hero, with similar success, their heads and their armour augmenting his spoils.

After three such signal victories, Smith was regarded with admiration and almost overwhelmed with honours. By his companions in arms his return to the Christian lines was hailed with tears and unbounded acclamations.

Attended by a guard of six thou-

sand men, and three Turkish horses led before him, each being preceded by a Turk's head mounted on a pole, he was conducted in triumph to the pavilion of his general. Here he experienced the most flattering reception, and was presented with a fine war-horse, richly caparisoned, and a scymetar and belt of great value. Shortly afterwards, the Duke of Transylvania, coming to review the army, gave him his miniature, set in gold, accompanied with the most kind and flattering expressions and other tokens of his exalted regard. He also issued in his favour letters patent of nobility, giving him for his arms three Turks' heads, emblazoned on a shield. These were afterwards recorded in the Heralds' Office in England, and became the permanent arms of Smith and his descendants.

Summing up the whole of his life and adventures, our hero might be hitherto denominated a favourite of Fortune. At length, however, a reverse was approaching, which overwhelmed him, for a time, with degradation and misery. At the disastrous affair of Rottendon, in the year 1602, where the carnage of the Christian army was great, he was left among the dead on the field of battle, supposed himself to be one of the number. But the pillagers perceiving that he still breathed, and not doubting, from the richness of his armour, that his ransom would be ample, made unwearied efforts to restore him to life, and contributed to his recovery by every attention that interest could suggest.

Having regained his health by means of the soundness and vigour of his constitution, and no one coming forward with a view to his redemption, he was soon afterwards sold at public auction among the rest of the prisoners. His purchaser was a bashaw, who sent him to Constantinople as a present to his mistress, a young Tartarian lady of distinguished beauty. Smith, being now only twenty-three years of age, was in the flower of life, with a noble countenance, an elegant person, and a deportment remarkable for manliness and grace. These qualities could not fail to attract the notice of his young mistress, to whose service he most assiduously devoted himself, nor was it long before they made a deep impression on her heart.—This circumstance procured for him, on her part, the kindest and tenderest treatment, accompanied by every indulgence that might tend to alleviate his misfortunes and reconcile him to his situation. At length, to prevent his being treated with harshness and indignity, and perhaps sold, by her mother, whose mind had become tinctured with prejudices against him, Charatza Tragabigzanda (for such was the name of his fair mistress) sent him into Tartary, to her brother, who was bashaw of Nalbrits, on the Palus Mæotis. This separation she did not intend to be of long continuance. Her object was, to allow Smith to remain with her brother till he should acquire a knowledge of the language, manners, and religion of the country, and till time should place her fortunes at her own disposal. She meant then to indulge her tenderness to him, and openly bestow upon him her hand in marriage.

On delivering him to her brother, this young damsel recommended him to his favour with great zeal and the most affectionate expressions. The bashaw, however, received him with very different impressions. Suspecting the passion which his sister entertained for him, he only treated him the more harshly and unworthily.— Smith's martial spirit, elevated by a consciousness of Tragabigzanda's love, submitted with difficulty to the repeated indignities he was forced to encounter. Provoked, at length, beyond the point of further endurance, by the brutalities practised on him in a barn where he was threshing, he assaulted the bashaw in his turn, and struck him dead by a blow with his flail. This event took place about a league from the dwelling of his tyrannical master. His fortunes were now at the lowest ebb of desperation. There was no time to be lost. His preservation from torture depended on his immediate flight from the country. He accordingly stripped the dead body, and burying it under the straw, clothed himself in the bashaw's apparel, and mounting his horse, with nothing but a knapsack of corn for his subsistence, fled precipitately into the deserts of Circassia. After wandering two or three days in great solitude, he was conducted at length, under the direction of a protecting Providence, to the main road which led to Moscovy. Pursuing this for sixteen days, under the utmost pressure of hunger and fatigue, he arrived at a garrison on the frontiers of Russia. He experienced here a most cordial reception; his wants were supplied, and he was placed in a situation to continue his journey in safety and comfort. Having travelled through various countries of Asia and Europe, he had the good fortune to meet at Leipsic with his old friend and patron, the Duke of Transylvania, together with Count Meldrich, under whom he had served with so much distinction. After passing some time in the society of these illustrious noblemen, the duke, at his departure, furnished him with letters, setting forth his character as a soldier, the services he had performed, and the honours he had attained. At the same time, to repair, in some measure, his shattered circumstances, and to enable him to appear in a style corresponding to his military standing, he presented him with the sum of fifteen hundred ducats.

(To be continued.)

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

A WORK is in the press, under the title of *Scripture Biography and History*, comprising a summary of the principal events; together with brief Memoirs of the most eminent Characters recorded in the Old and New Testament: to which is prefixed, an Account of the Manners, Customs, Rites, and Ceremonies of the Jews, and the Rise and Progress of Christianity, by Claude Fleury, Abbé of Argenteuil, author of Ecclesiastical History, Manners of the Israelites, Manners of the Christians, Treatise on Public Law, &c. embel-

lished with twenty-four elegant engravings, from eminent masters.

Messrs. Stevenson and Matchett, of Norwich, have invited those persons who are in possession of the first edition of Bentham's *History of Ely Cathedral*, and who may be desirous of having the Supplement to that work (including the Memoirs and Portrait of the Author, with additional plates), now ready for the press, to signify their intention immediately, as no more copies of the Supplement for the edition of 1771 will be printed than are subscribed for.

The History of Richard the Third, King of England, &c. in five books, by Sir George Buck, will speedily be published, from the original manuscripts in the possession of the editor; with an appendix of notes and documents by Charles Yarnold, Esq. An imperfect edition of this important work was first published, in 1646, by George Buck, Esq. son of the author; which, defective and incorrect as it is, is now rarely to be met with, and then at a high price. The intended edition, given literally from the original manuscript of Sir George Buck, will be found to contain much interesting matter not in the former one.

Mr. John Dunkin is printing, in an octavo volume, *The History and Antiquities of Bicester*, a market town in Oxfordshire; to which will be added, an Inquiry into the History of Alchester, a city of the Dobuni, the site of which now forms part of the common field of Wendlebury, in the county of Oxford. It will contain the chief part of Kennet's Parochial Antiquities, with a continuation of papers relative to Bicester, and may be considered not only as a history of that town, but as a work designed to illustrate, by original documents, many customs of former ages.

The Rev. Dr. Ledwich, the venerable author of the Antiquities of Ireland, is preparing for the press, a new translation of Sir James Ware's *Antiquities* of that part of the United Kingdom, ornamented with numerous maps and plates from original drawings, and considerable additions.

Mr. Ambrose Pitman has in the press, a serio-comic-didactic poem, entitled *The Miseries of Music-Masters;* including the art of fingering keyed instruments, with other introductory rudiments of the practice of harmonics.

Mr. Colburn will shortly publish two works from the pen of the celebrated De Chateaubriand; one is entitled, *Recollections of Italy, England, and America;* the subject of the other is, *The Revolutions of Empires.*

Miss Burney, author of Traits of Nature, Geraldine Fauconberg, &c. has in the press, *Tales of Fancy.*

The Memoirs and Confessions of Thomas Ashe, Esq. author of the Spirit of the Book, will speedily appear in three volumes. This work will exhibit, we understand, some curious facts relative to the Princess of Wales and other distinguished characters.

Sir Humphry Davy has transmitted from Italy to the Royal Society, a paper on the composition of the paints used by the Greeks. Sir H. in the introduction, takes a review of the progress of painting among the Greeks, a people who had an innate taste for the

beautiful and the magnificent; he next traces the progress of the arts from Greece to Rome; and, lastly, proceeds to an analysis of the colouring matter of the remains of the Greek paintings found on the walls of Herculaneum and Pompeii. The principal colour in these paintings, it appears, consisted of *carbonates of copper*, prepared and blended in different proportions.

General Andreossy, who has recently returned to France from Constantinople, where he filled, for some years, the post of ambassador, has communicated to the first class of the Institute various inquiries, illustrated by maps and drawings, concerning the whole of the conduits which supply the Turkish metropolis with water. They contain a description of new operations and rules of oral tradition, not hitherto collected; the application of which may be highly useful in hydraulic works, both in regard to the simplicity of the means employed and economy in the construction.

Sir R. C. Hoare has published, in the Bath Society's papers, a fact relative to planting, which merits circulation. It appears, that, in 1813, he cut down 92 fir-trees, which had been planted in 1758, on three quarters of an acre of waste, poor, and shallow soil. They had never been thinned, pruned, or attended to, yet they yielded 90 tons of timber; and, at only 4*l.* per ton, produced 360*l.*; which was at the rate of 6*l.* 10s. 10d. per annum for three quarters of an acre during the 55 years.

Mr. Oakley, of Bond-street, to whose classical taste and commercial spirit the present age is indebted for many improvements in the style and convenience of modern household furniture, has recently invented a new arrangement of beds, which merits notice. Instead of the clumsy and cumbrous four-post bedstead, he disposes the hangings, in the form of drapery, against the side of the room, whence they are made to extend themselves at pleasure, by sliding tubes, or unfolding frame-work. The bed itself, when not used as such, serves the purpose of an ordinary couch or sofa. Nothing can be more convenient or elegant, and the price is less than that of a four-post bed of equal decoration.

An interesting discovery was made in Anglesea a few years since by M. G. Bullock, of Liverpool. He found, in the centre of that island, and about seven miles from the Paris mountain, some marble quarries, containing two beds of rocks, the one resembling, in colour and effect, the Oriental porphyry, and the other the *verd antique*. Great perseverance, and a considerable expenditure of capital, having enabled him to work them in perfection, he has lately established, in Oxford-street, a public manufactory of Mona marble, the productions of which are scarcely equalled by the marbles of any age or country. Some blocks which these quarries have produced, vie with the richest specimens of those valuable materials of the ancient sculptors which have been handed down to us with such care, either for beauty of colour, hardness, or durability. The noble serpentine is also found in considerable quantities, and a variety of different shades, including, in some

instances, the red, white, black, and green in one block. All of these are now offered to the public at the Mona Marble-Works, at a price much lower than statuary marble; and, for the purpose of chimney-pieces, hearths, slabs, &c. this marble has a decided advantage, it being a fire-stone, which will retain both colour and polish in a heat that would reduce statuary to powder. When enriched with brass work and or-molu, these marbles exceed in splendour the most elaborate carvings in statuary, and produce more harmony with the rich colouring used in our present decorations, than a mass of crude white. Columns of porphyry colour, or the *verd de Mona*, can also be extracted of any dimensions.

M. Wagner, of Würzburg, has published at Rome a series of engravings, twenty-five in number, in oblong folio, representing the *basso relievos* on the frieze of the temple of Apollo Epicurios, in Arcadia, the ruins of which were discovered, in 1812, by a party of artists and amateurs, of whom the author was one. These ruins are situated on Mount Cotylios, not far from Phigalia, the modern Pavlitza. The temple, according to Pausanias, was erected, after the pestilence described by Thucydides, in honour of Apollo Epicurios, or the Deliverer. It was built by Iktinos, the architect of the Parthenon. Of the thirty-eight Doric columns which supported the portico, thirty-six are still standing. Among the rubbish were found fragments of figures in relief, no doubt belonging to the pediment, which was probably thrown down by an earthquake. In the interior were discovered twenty-three marble tablets, all of the same height (about 26 inches), but of different lengths, decorated with sculpture: these had probably formed the frieze of the interior of the chapel. These *basso relievos* represent two grand mythologic subjects, but in such a manner that almost every one contains a distinct group. How highly interesting these monuments must be to the history of the arts is evident, from the circumstance that they belong to the age of Pericles. The inequality of the workmanship denotes it to have been executed by several persons: the author points out certain imperfections or defects. The resemblance between some of the groups in the conflict of the Centaurs with those of the Parthenon, could not fail to strike the travellers at the first glance. The order in which these tablets were placed in the frieze cannot be ascertained, owing to the absolute want of every thing that might guide the judgment; besides, some parts are broken, and many of the projecting figures injured: the weapons, which were probably of bronze, are also wanting. The defaced or deficient parts are accurately marked in M. Wagner's sketches by dotted lines; a practice which ought to be adopted in graphic representations of all ancient monuments of art.

An artist of Berlin, named Peter Schmidt, has recently published a work on drawing, in which he recommends an entirely new method of acquiring that art in the utmost perfection, and with greater facility than by any means which have been hitherto adopted. It has been tried with much success in various parts of Germany; is strictly con-

sonant with the works and operations of nature herself; and is founded upon this general principle, that the pupil must be brought to do whatever is to be done, with an entire devotedness to the object before him, and the application of every power and faculty which he can call into exertion. His work must be rendered a pleasure to him; he must be taught of himself to detect and correct his own errors; he must be accustomed at first to use his pencil with as much neatness, ease, and correctness as possible; and his first lessons must not be from copies, but from the objects themselves, which either art or nature has fashioned. The inventor of this method recommends arrows, cannon-balls, and niches, as the fittest for first instructions. His own history is singular enough: he was born at Treves on the 15th of April, 1769, and forced, by the indigence of his family, to support both them and himself by cotton-spinning. His plastic talents were first called forth by his astonishment at seeing a large and uncouth picture hung out in front of a house. He was above twelve years of age, and had never been fortunate enough to receive the least instruction, when this circumstance led him to some successful attempts at taking portraits in red and black chalk. From this moment the Elector of Treves took him by the hand, and ordered him to be regularly instructed. He had resided at Berlin since the year 1810.

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MUSICAL REVIEW.

A Sonata for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Violin or Flute, inscribed to Miss Carruthers, by William Day. Op. 3. Price 5s.

In this sonata the author seems to have taken Pleyel for his model. It is a very close, and not an unsuccessful imitation. A natural flow of easy and agreeable melody pervades the whole composition; some of the *dolce's* are really elegant; the active passages are showy without being intricate; and, without aiming at a display of profound science, the author has in several instances modulated respectably (*pp.* 5, 6). These observations apply chiefly to the allegro; the second movement, to which no characteristic name is prefixed, is a pretty and, as the signature truly informs us, "playful" allegretto, in which an appropriate minore, with suitable modulation, upon the flat keys, is introduced. A rondo follows next: although we meet with little originality in either the theme or the superstructure, every thing, nevertheless, bears the stamp of propriety and regularity. The numerous digressive passages are truly diversified, an apposite minor occurs again, and the cadence is workmanlike. The violin accompaniment is obligato and perfectly in character. Upon the whole, this sonata appears to us well calculated for the improvement of rising abilities; it is by no means difficult for either the hands or the ear.

"*The Minstrel's Summons,*" *from Walter Scott's Poem the Lord of the Isles, composed as a Glee for three Voices*, by J. Mazzinghi. Pr. 2s. 6d.

Whether we advert to the clever adjustment of the parts, to the ge-

neral character of the melody, or to the peculiar fitness of the music to the text, this glee has great claims to our unqualified approbation: it is unlaboured, yet highly interesting. Of the passages which preferably attracted our attention, the sudden plunge into the chord of E b at "Earth, ocean, air," *p.* 3, and the bars which succeed it, merit special and honourable mention. The like is due to the manly bass solo *p.* 5; to the unexpected introduction of the chord of B (*p.* 8. *b.* 1), to the elegant and adequate expression for the word "awake," under the various forms devised by the composer; and to other portions, which brevity compels us to omit.

"*O wake while Dawn with dewy Shine,*" *from the Lord of the Isles, composed* by J. Mazzinghi. Pr. 1s. 6d.

This is a very pretty little air; its beginning especially, although perhaps of a more plaintive character than the text would warrant, appears to us very interesting and cleverly contrived. The remaining thoughts are likewise select and affecting: they are, however, rather too often repeated. In the last bar but five, the harmonic progress from C minor to the seventh of B flat is somewhat bold, although we have seen the like before.

"*Go forth, my Song,*" *Conclusion to the Lord of the Isles*, by Dr. John Clarke, of Cambridge. Pr. 2s.

After a recitativo of considerable pathos in expression, an aria follows, which is subdivided into two movements; a largo in $\frac{2}{4}$ and an adagio in $\frac{6}{8}$ time. In all these Dr. Clarke has upon the whole done justice to his author, however arduous and unusual the task may be to harmonize a writer's address to his readers, or, *pro formâ*, to his own work, whether that address be by preface or epilogue. Although in this composition we meet with some ideas that were very familiar to us before, yet others are select and elevated. Of this latter description are *ll.* 1 and 4, *p.* 5, and the affecting conclusion *p.* 6.

"*It was a Night of lovely June,*" *Glee for three Voices, the Poetry from the Lord of the Isles, composed* by Dr. John Clarke, Cambridge. Pr. 2s.

This glee is composed of three movements, an andante in $\frac{2}{4}$, an allegro in $\frac{3}{4}$, and another andante in $\frac{6}{8}$ time. The first and last of these have no striking claim on our favour; the ideas are common, and the rhythmical arrangement, especially in the first andante, is not what we conceive it ought to have been. The allegro agitato has our decided approbation: to have thrown so much of the text into quick movement was eminently judicious, and the execution of that idea, too, is highly meritorious. The whole of this movement is conceived in the best style, and it derives no small portion of its interest from the active and effective accompaniment by which the vocal parts are supported.

God save the King, with eight Variations for the Piano-Forte, by Frederic Kalkbrenner. Op. 18. Pr. 2s. 6d.

To vary a theme, which has so often and so ably been treated in a similar manner before, is no slight undertaking; and we suppose it was by way of a *captatio benevo-*

lentiæ with the British public, that Mr. K. resolved upon the task. He has satisfactorily accomplished his purpose. In the air itself some deviation from its usual harmony has been adopted, among which we think the E in the bass of bar 3 no improvement. We should have preferred the usual G. In the first variation we notice the elegant effect of the middle part; and the masterly series of chords in the last line of the second variation demands unqualified applause. Var. 4 distinguishes itself by some neat crossed-hand bars, although we cannot throughout concur with its harmony; in the third bar, for instance, there are concealed octaves, and the E in the bass of the 10th ill accords with the F sharp in the treble. The fifth variation is eminently clever, but deviates too much from the theme. Var. 6, provided the continued octaves in the treble be grasped by an adequate performer, will be found highly interesting. A minor variation follows next. This one again exhibits an excellent flowing accompaniment in the middle part, and is altogether a superior composition. The last variation, an allegro, is equally meritorious; its triplets represent the harmony in an elegant shape, and the manner in which it merges into a coda, by way of conclusion, adverting at the same time to the delicate touches of crossed hands, claims unreserved praise.

Ah vous dirai-je Maman, an Air with Variations for the Piano-Forte, composed, and respectfully dedicated to his Pupil, Miss Charlotte Mourgue, by W. H. Cutler, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Pr. 3s.

It required courage on the part of Mr. C. to enter the lists with Mozart, who has so inimitably varied this very subject; and although on our part it would be unfair to adhibit the work of that great master as a scale or test for Mr. C.'s labour, yet it is hardly possible not to associate, in idea, one with the other. The present variations are not free from partial objections, yet they possess, in the whole, considerable merit, and they evince careful assiduity and an aim at selectness. One leading feature of inattention in many places throughout the work, is, that of suffering the bass to fall awkwardly into the octave of the treble, which doubling of the octave has often led to impure or ineffective harmony (*e. g.* var. 1, *b.* 4, 10, 11; var. 6, *b.* 1, 2, 3, 4, &c.; var. 7, *b.* 2, &c.; var. 11. *b.* 4, &c. &c.) In var. 1, we observe, with approbation, the alternate imitations between both hands, although the harmony created thereby is in some instances unsatisfactory. In var. 2, we could have wished for a more appropriate bass, and a more satisfactory solution at the close of the first part. The third variation is pleasing, but we cannot understand the C b in bar 16. The same may be said in favour of the next variation. We approve the principle of the minor var. 8; but, as by the $\frac{2}{4}$ time the theme has become reduced into four bars, we think a repetition of the period somewhat diversified, and delaying the final close to an eighth bar, would have been more advantageous, than the mere doubling of the four bars. The direct motion of both hands by sixths (bar 3),

might also have been amended: the first portion of the second part is proper. We are well pleased with the ninth variation, and observe the good effect of the ties in the bass. A very able bass distinguishes var. 10; and, barring the objections mentioned at the outset, we perceive much clever arrangement in the eleventh. As to the whim in mixing the serious with the gay, in the way it is done in var. 12, we cannot say it coincides with our taste. The coda which follows appears to us one of the neatest portions of this publication; it is well linked, replete with tasteful expression, and winds up the whole with the best spirit and effect.

"*Here awa, there awa,*" *a favourite Scotch Song, sung with universal applause by Mrs. Dickons, composed, and adapted for the Piano-Forte or Harp,* by Mr. Hook. Pr. 1s. 6d.

There is an artless melodious simplicity in this air, which cannot fail obtaining favour from every one whose ear is susceptible of pure and unsophisticated musical expression. The accompaniment, chiefly in broken chords, is highly appropriate, and in two or three instances delicately select. Of this description is the solution by a diminished seventh *p.* 2, *l.* 3, and the second bar in the succeeding line. Every thing is as one would wish it to be. The poetry, too, merited such musical treatment.

"*Far o'er the swelling Seas,*" *a favourite Song, sung with universal applause at various Concerts, composed, and adapted for the Piano-Forte or Harp,* by Mr. Hook. Pr. 1s.

After the eminently elegant symphony prefixed to this air, we perfectly anticipated what kind of music we had to look for in the song itself; and our expectations were not disappointed. If a proof were required, that age does not impair the talents of a composer, we could not produce better evidence than the few pages before us. Whether we advert to the melody, which evinces true feeling and delicate taste, or to the harmonic arrangement, which exhibits, besides the utmost adequacy and correctness, some touches of masterly contrivance, we are bound to pronounce this a superior and classic composition, equal to the best vocal productions of our veteran bard. The words are stated to be by a lady of fashion.

"*The Gazeebo,*" *a celebrated Dance, composed, and adapted as a Rondo for the Piano-Forte or Harp,* by Mr. Hook. Pr. 1s. 6d.

A trifle of easy digestion, evidently intended for beginners, to whom we can conscientiously recommend it for practice, and, indeed, for entertainment: for the successive ideas, deduced from, or engrafted upon, the parent stock, although by no means novel, proceed with well connected regularity, and thus tend to form an agreeable whole.

No. X. *(to be continued.) A Voluntary for the Organ, composed* by Samuel Wesley. Op. 6. Pr. 2s.

The voluntary above-mentioned consists of four successive movements: an andante larghetto in $\frac{4}{4}$ time, a moderato $\frac{3}{8}$, lento $\frac{4}{2}$, and an allegretto in $\frac{3}{4}$ time; the whole in one flat. In surveying any of these it is impossible, however ac-

customed to the meritorious productions of Mr. W. not to be forcibly struck with the profound knowledge of counterpoint which he displays so abundantly in almost every bar, that one may well and literally say, he has the mastery of it at his fingers' ends. To follow him through the maze of elaborate ideas and contrivances which, although flowing from his pen with apparent ease, almost defy rivalship in this country, would engross more room than we can command, without adding to the celebrity of his name. We shall therefore content ourselves with observing, that the present work requires first-rate abilities, or, at all events, diligent preparatory application, to be done justice to. As a study for the practice of organ-players, we need scarcely add, it cannot be too strenuously recommended.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

Our last Retrospect left Bonaparte, on the 14th March, in advance of Lyons, on his march to Paris. The remainder of the woeful tale may be comprised in a few words. Favoured by treasons, of which no nation, except the French in their present abject state of demoralization, could be capable, he entered that capital on the 20th, accompanied by a small escort, as if returned from a mere journey of pleasure. Among the traitors Marshal Ney is the foremost. On taking leave of the king to command the force which was to march from Besançon against Bonaparte, he declared, that if he subdued the rebel, he should conduct him in an iron cage to Paris. But he had scarcely arrived at Lons le Saulnier, when he issued a violent proclamation against the King and the Bourbons, and with his whole army joined Napoleon.

However deeply afflicted by this intelligence, Louis shewed a calm firmness of mind, seldom witnessed in so trying and perilous a situation. As a last resource, it was determined to collect as numerous a force as possible, to dispute the possession of the capital. A motley army of troops of the line, of the household, and of national guards, was hastily assembled and encamped at Melun. These were hardly in position on the 19th, when Bonaparte in a carriage and six drove into the midst of them, and was hailed by a great majority with cries of *Vive l'Empereur*. The remainder, dispelled like chaff before the wind, returned to their homes.

On the same night the king quitted Paris, accompanied by Monsieur, the Duke de Berri, and the aged Prince of Condé, and preceded by the household troops. In a proclamation previously published, he dissolved the two Chambers for the present, took an affectionate farewell of the inhabitants of his capital, and announced his intention of establishing provisionally the seat of government at Lisle. Marshals Berthier, Marmont, Macdonald, Victor, St. Cyr, and Mortier, left Paris for the same destination. The garrison of Lisle had previously been marched out; but from motives not explained, it

appears that Marshal Mortier, who reached that fortress before the king, had recalled the garrison. On the king's arrival therefore (22d), the plan of securing that important place became no longer practicable, the troops, like the rest of their worthy brethren in arms, having openly manifested their attachment to the usurper. The king, in consequence, left Lisle the next day, and crossing the French frontier, arrived at Ostend on the 25th. Macdonald and Mortier remained behind, not, as it seems, from disaffection; since the king, in an official narrative of these events, expresses himself highly satisfied with their fidelity and attachment. His Majesty at present resides in Ghent.

Owing to some mistake, the whole of the household troops were not able to make good their emigration from France. Part of them were overtaken by the rebel forces and dispersed; but several thousands, with Monsieur, the Duke de Berri, and Marmont at their head, arrived safely in Flanders.

On the 20th, at nine in the evening, Bonaparte arrived at the Thuilleries, attended by a small number of horsemen. He himself came on horseback, his carriage having broken down before Paris; an occurrence which, fatalist as he is known to be, greatly disconcerted and exasperated him. It would be a waste of our room, to recite the numerous decrees which immediately and continually since have issued from the cabinet of this upstart, and, we confidently believe, ephemeral mock emperor. His mind, thank Heaven, is long ago so well known, and his phraseology so familiar to even school-boys, that the emanations of his brain may, on all occasions, be foretold to a tittle. By adding a dose of charlatanism to our ideas of the character of Satan, the moral likeness is perfect. What he has done and undone, therefore, is of little consequence for the short time of his career. The Bourbons and the emigrants are banished as a matter of course; otherwise a general amnesty is *promised*, with the exception of seven or eight individuals, among whom the names of Talleyrand and Marmont appear. The formation of a ministry, likewise, was one of the first cares of the resuscitated emperor. Its intrinsic worth may be judged of by the names of some of its principal members: Caulaincourt, the agent of the Duke of Enghien's assassination, is at the head of foreign affairs; Davoust, the plunderer of Hamburg, is minister of the war department; Carnot and Fouché, two Jacobin terrorists who sentenced Louis XVI. to the guillotine, are respectively ministers of the interior and of the police; and the blood-thirsty Savary has the general direction of that important engine of despotism, the *gensdarmerie*. Enough by way of sample.

Although Bonaparte gained possession of the capital without a shot having been fired against him or his troops during the whole of his rapid march from the place of his landing, and although, with scarcely any exception, the whole of the regular army successively flocked to his tri-coloured standard, it soon appeared that the mild reign of the Bourbons, however short,

had so endeared them to a great proportion, if not to the majority of the people of France, that at the call of the French princes they left their peaceable homes, to fight in their king's cause. The Duke de Bourbon, who had been sent to the Vendée, found no difficulty in assembling a numerous body of loyal subjects; but undisciplined and mostly unarmed as they were, and unassisted by any regular troops, the prince, from a conviction that, under such circumstances, their efforts would be unavailing for the present, dismissed them of his own accord, and embarked, as it is said, in the Loire.

At Bourdeaux, a city which in 1814 had first declared for the Bourbons, the daughter of Louis XVI. the Duchess of Angouleme, rallied around her the national guards, and resolved to defend the cause of her country to the last. But here too, as every where else, the emissaries and adherents of the usurper were not idle at the work of treason. When the rebel troops under General Clausel came within sight of the town, dissension began to manifest itself, and the very men that were to have opposed him, fired upon each other. All the heroism and solicitations of the princess being thus found useless, she embarked in the Gironde for Spain, and General Clausel entered the devoted city on the 2d April.

The Duke d'Angouleme had separated from his consort, in order to give consistency and effect to the good spirit which had shewn itself in the south-eastern departments, where almost all the great towns, and Marseilles above the rest, had declared against the usurper. From Bonaparte's own accounts, it appears, that, besides great bodies of national guards, the duke had collected numerous troops of the line; and that his first operations upon Montelimart and Valence had been so successful as to threaten even Lyons. A corps, however, being sent against him from that city under General Grouchy, and having, as Bonaparte states, surrounded the duke, he was compelled to capitulate on the 9th of April, owing, as the usurper's own accounts admit, to his being deserted by the troops of the line. It was stipulated that the duke should be allowed to embark unmolested at Cette; but under some pretext, perfectly congenial to Napoleon principles, his royal highness was subsequently stopped, and an order given by Bonaparte, that, previously to embarking, the duke should be made to pledge himself to the restitution of the crown jewels which Louis XVIII. had saved on quitting Paris. Marseilles, too, has since been entered by the rebel troops.

From the foregoing concise sketch of the reactions in France itself, drawn as it chiefly is from the enemy's accounts, it is evident, that Bonaparte's re-appearance in that country is far from being so universally hailed as he proclaims; and that these insurrections, had they had the slightest foreign aid, would have proved extremely formidable. It may, therefore, be fairly hoped, that at the instant when the usurper's power shall be attacked from abroad, a great and extensive rising of the loyal part of the population of France will tend to accelerate the deliverance of Europe; and

Paris itself, probably, will then not be the last to declare its sentiments in a summary manner.

In his first proclamations, Bonaparte, fresh from his Elbese retreat, and not yet sufficiently warned of the possible consequences of giving offence abroad, talked pretty plainly to his soldiers of the lost honour of the French name, and of the necessity of retrieving their former character. But arrived in the midst of his most circumspect Jacobin ministry, and instructed by them in regard to the miserable deficiency of men, money, and arms, another system, however uncongenial to his violent character, was *for the moment* determined upon. The tiger has put on a lamb's skin; peace with all the world is the most anxious wish of his benevolent heart. "I have renounced the idea of the grand empire of which during 15 years I had but formed the basis." France within her ancient limits is all he lays claim to; France alone it is his sole ambition to render happy; the peace of Paris, as concluded with the Bourbons, he is ready to recognize. To apprise the sovereigns of Europe of this moderation in the emperor's sentiments, an autograph circular has been sent to them; which, however, has not met with the slightest notice, and indeed has been returned unopened by some. Not content with this manifestation of his beneficent views, Napoleon resolved to give a further and more convincing proof thereof. The peace of Paris had distanced the abolition of the slave-trade by France to five years, to the great dissatisfaction of the British parliament and nation. The British parliament and nation must be made instantly sensible of the enlightened principles of the reinstated sovereign. Bonaparte, the murderer of Toussaint, the virtuous negro chief, with a stroke of the pen abolishes the slave-trade at once. To cement irrevocably the liberties of the French nation, eight commissioners were on the same day nominated, to digest a new constitution for the French people, the twentieth, at least, they have had and upset within these twenty years. From the hands of Messrs. Carnot, Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, and Roederer, all members of this commission, great improvements, no doubt, upon the charter of Louis XVIII. may reasonably be expected. This new constitution is already nearly completed, and is to be laid before a meeting of the representatives of the nation, which in May next is to be held in the Field of May, *more majorum*. On the Field of May Bonaparte is once more to be crowned, together with his consort Maria Louisa, and the little King of Rome. For this coronation solemnity, new regalia are preparing to replace the crown and jewels which Louis XVIII. was daring enough not to leave behind at the usurper's disposal; and to accelerate the arrival of the empress and her son, a grand dignitary has been dispatched to Vienna to invite her. Lest, however, the Emperor Francis might have some scruples in once more trusting his daughter and her son to the embraces of Napoleon, recourse was at the same time had to stratagem. Maria Louisa, still unaccountably attached to this monster, was to have fled, and at all events the little Napoleon

was to have been secretly kidnapped on the 16th March by French emissaries dispatched by the great Napoleon. The plot, however, when on the point of execution, was discovered and defeated by the vigilance of the Vienna police; and, to make more sure of the stay of mother and son, all their French attendants were dismissed by Francis, and both removed from Schoenbrunn, hitherto their residence, to the interior of the imperial palace at Vienna.

Having thus far briefly adverted to the progress and proceedings of Bonaparte, it remains for us to state the impression which this event made upon the sovereigns of Europe. He had scarcely arrived triumphantly at Paris, when he became acquainted with a document which would have appalled any one but an adventurer, who, having already forfeited his life, could have nothing to lose, and which would have dismayed any but the giddy and unprincipled French soldiery, from following his fortunes. We allude to the declaration of the allied sovereigns assembled in Congress at Vienna. This instrument, bearing date the 13th March, and signed by the plenipotentiaries of Austria, France, Great Britain, Portugal, Prussia, Russia, Spain, and Sweden, declares, that Napoleon, by his invasion of France, and by thus breaking the convention which has established him in the Island of Elba, has destroyed the only legal title on which his existence depended, has placed himself without the pale of civil and social relations, and, as an enemy and a disturber of the tranquillity of the world, has rendered himself liable to public vengeance. The sovereigns further pledge themselves to employ all their means and unite all their efforts to crush this attempt against the peace of Europe, and to give to the King of France all the assistance required to restore public tranquillity and social order.

As this instrument was issued on the first intelligence of the landing of Bonaparte, when the success of his desperate enterprize was considered improbable, he and his rebel crew might hope, and some might think, the tidings of that success would cause the allied sovereigns to retract from so unequivocal a declaration of their sentiments. In this hope, however, they were soon disappointed. For no sooner was it known at Vienna, that Bonaparte had reached Paris, than a fresh treaty was entered into by Austria, Great Britain, Prussia, and Russia, defensive and offensive. This compact, bearing date the 25th March, has not yet been made public; but its stipulations are stated to be of the same nature as those of the treaty of Chaumont—war against Bonaparte its object, and a contingent of 150,000 men to be furnished by each of the four powers. England is stated to have, as before, the option of furnishing a part of her quota in money and supplies.

The preparations for war on all sides are of a magnitude suitable to the importance and urgency of the occasion. The Emperor of Russia, above all, sensible that, but for a mistaken generosity towards the criminal, Europe would not now again have to shed its best blood,

is recalling all his disposable force, and speeds them, by forced marches, to the French frontier: the advance is already traversing Germany. Austria sends her legions to the Rhine and the Po. The efforts of the King of Prussia, the soul and bulwark of German independence, are commensurate with the enthusiasm of his brave soldiers and of his loyal subjects. At Berlin alone 7000 volunteers instantly enlisted under the banners of their country. Bavaria, Hanover, Wurtemberg, Hesse, and every other state of Germany, great or little, breathe but one spirit, that of vengeance. The universities, the public offices, the counting-houses are again deserted every where by patriotic youths, who, sensible of the danger which threatens their country and the civilized world, have but one wish, that of devoting themselves to the great cause of liberty.

The endless miseries which Bonaparte has entailed upon Germany, are really counterbalanced by this noble spirit of patriotism, which he himself, by overstretching the measure of bearable oppression, has roused in the breasts of its numerous and warlike nations.—"TO PARIS!" is now the watch-word from the Rhine to the Oder, and from the Danube to the Baltic; and *to Paris* we have no doubt will the torrent of avenging Europe shape its speedy course. It will be irresistible, because it is the people who wage this holy war; their princes have nothing to do but to give the impulse.

We call it a holy war, because it is the struggle of virtuous principle against falsehood, irreligion, and vice in its most detestable shape. Hence, were we morally certain, that the hypocritic mildness of Bonaparte would last, and keep him and his hordes within the limits of France, we should, nevertheless, maintain the necessity of sallying forth to crush the wicked brood, to eradicate the rank poison ere its infection spread over surrounding countries, and gradually envenom the morals of the civilized world. His bayonets might remain on French soil, yet the principles of himself and his Jacobin and atheist associates will make their way, as they have done for the best part of a century, ever since the days of Voltaire. France is the rank soil which has too long put forth and nourished deadly vegetation. The time for weeding is come; the weeding in 1814 scarcely grazed the surface; let the weeding of 1815 be by the root!

The time has been too short to have brought already to maturity the colossal preparations for this second crusade against Paris. Neither the troops nor their chiefs are yet all at their post, the latter are not even yet all fixed upon. In the Netherlands, now a kingdom by decision of Congress, an army of victorious British and Hanoverian veterans will march under the guidance of the Duke of Wellington, who arrived at Brussels on the 5th April, to take the command in chief of the army acting on the northern frontier of France. The Prussian army, besides furnishing a corps to be attached to the left wing of the British, will operate on the lines of the Maese and Moselle, under the command of the patriot veteran, Prince Blücher,

who left Berlin for this purpose on the 10th April. On the Rhine, as far south as Basle, the troops of Austria, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and of the other German sovereigns, are at this moment occupying their respective stations, and these will be joined by the Russian troops now, as we have stated, in full march for Germany as well as Italy.

In Italy the contest is likely to become complicated by the recent demonstrations of Murat. He has joined his army at Ancona, on the 19th March, taken the field, and marched towards the Po. The Grand-Duke of Tuscany and the Pope have fled from their capitals, the former to Milan, and the latter to Venice. We cannot yet positively assert, that Murat has declared in favour of Bonaparte, nor is the report of an action having already taken place between his troops and an Austrian advanced corps, as yet confirmed. After the pledge which, to our regret more than once expressed, he received last year from the allies, to be acknowledged as sovereign of Naples, and after the subsequent hesitation on the part of the Vienna Congress to realize that pledge, we could not expect a friend in him; but we had hoped, that motives of prudence would have deterred him from joining the desperate cause of the usurper. If he have, his political existence is forfeited, and the ulterior arrangements in regard to Italy will be freed from the principal embarrassment in which hitherto they had been involved.

UNITED STATES.

The fort of Mobile surrendered by capitulation to the British force under General Lambert on the 11th February. As this conquest was unattended with any loss of lives; its restitution, in consequence of the treaty of peace, will be the less a matter of regret.

At peace with the Christian world, the United States have declared war against the Dey of Algiers, and a considerable armament is fitting out in consequence, to proceed to the Mediterranean.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Corn Bill has passed both houses and received the royal assent. Unwelcome as it was to a great portion of the population, the recent events in France have silenced all opposition to it, and indeed would have rendered it almost unnecessary.

A message from the Prince Regent was, on the 6th April, sent to Parliament, stating, that, in consequence of the events in France, his Royal Highness had ordered an augmentation of his land and naval forces; that his Royal Highness had entered into communications with his allies, for the purpose of guaranteeing the general and permanent security of Europe; and that he relies on his Commons for receiving their support in all measures necessary for the accomplishment of this important object.

In consequence of this message, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has proposed a renewal of the property tax, on its former footing, for one year; and has stated his intention of relinquishing the intended augmentation of the assessed taxes.

Although the laudable and unwearied efforts of Lord Castlereagh to prevail upon the sovereigns of Europe, represented in the Con-

gress at Vienna, to agree to the abolition of the slave-trade, have not had all the success wished for, a further and important step towards the accomplishment of that desirable object has nevertheless been gained. In a solemn declaration, dated Vienna, 8th February, the sovereigns have acknowledged the principle and expediency of the abolition, and have pledged themselves to use all the zeal and perseverance which so laudable an undertaking merits, to put an end to that trade. But in regard to the period at which it is to cease, the question has been left to be determined by special negociation between the different powers.

THE ELEVENTH EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, SPRING GARDENS.

Ten years have now passed away since the first establishment of this society, and yet it seems but as yesterday, that their first exhibition appeared in the Great Room, in Lower Brook-street. So retentive is the memory upon some subjects, that the writer of this not only sees, in retrospect, the walls of that room decorated with the works of the first members, but can apportion the place to almost every individual picture. Perhaps, on no occasion had the arts excited greater public curiosity, than on that of the first opening of the Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours. For several years the art of drawing had formed a part of the education of the higher class of females, the taste evinced by many of whom had spread a love for this elegant study to the other sex. Hence all who felt any interest in that pleasing branch of art, were anxious to witness what could be produced by such an union of talent as might be expected from the pencils of so many eminent professors, whose works had not been seen, unmixed with pictures painted in other materials. All that the most sanguine of the members of this institution had ventured to hope, was realized. The public felt the full merits of this new exhibition, and patronised, with unusual munificence, the talent therein displayed. It is satisfactory to know, that this liberal encouragement of genius was not bestowed in vain; for, admirable as were many works in this first collection, yet many of the same members have left these works far behind what their abilities have since produced. It were devoutly to be wished, that encouragement could keep pace with desert; but experience has proved, that, in our time at least, genius and talent are of more rapid growth than public or individual patronage. This is not the consequence of living in an unenlightened age. The age knows well how to appreciate merit, means alone are wanting; and this evil, alas! appears, from the disturbed state of Europe, not likely soon to promise a more auspicious change.

It cannot but be lamented, that this exhibition, although it possesses so many admirable pictures, both in oil and water colours, yet has not the same pleasing and

unique character which it had when the works were confined to paintings in water colours alone. In asserting this opinion, we feel convinced, that we are speaking the sentiments of others. The intermixture of oil paintings and water-colour paintings does material injury to the effect of both, be their separate merits even as great as the most skilful hand can execute, or the most tasteful mind can conceive.

No. 295. *Shepherds.*—J. Cristall.

That class of subjects which is denominated the elegant pastoral, has been studied by this artist from the commencement of the establishment of the Water-Colour Society. Each of their exhibitions has contained his designs from the beautiful descriptions of Virgil, or other ancient classic poets, all of which have displayed great knowledge of his art, and may be adduced as instances of the affinity which painting holds to poetry. The graceful simplicity, sentiment, and natural dignity of such a race of beings as the Greek and Roman poets imagined, Cristall has personified in his art. His groups of shepherds and others are truly characteristic of the association which poetic fancy has raised; the scenery in which they are placed is enchanting—all is serenity, and compatible with our notions of the golden age.

This group is seated on a sloping verdant bank, the purling brook is gliding by, and the grand torrent is pouring over precipitous rocks in the distance. Nothing can exceed the luxuriance of the shrubs and trees, or the emerald-like richness of the grass. The design, the light and shadow, and the harmonious colouring of this piece, are of the highest order of excellence.

No. 304. *Shepherds.*—The same.

It does not often happen, that pictures designed for companions are so equally balanced in merit as this and the preceding. Generally, one holds a decided preference; here both designs are sufficiently varied, each is an original thought, and each possesses the same lofty sentiments, united with all the requisites which a picture should comprehend.

No. —. *Fishermen.*—The same.

There is a very agreeable effect produced in this drawing, by means that shew great skill in the distribution of light and shadow, and the judicious manner in which the bright colour is placed upon the figure. The whole is harmonious, and, although in a low tone, is yet sufficiently luminous.

No.—. *Arcadian Shepherds*—painted in oil colours.—The same.

The same harmonious arrangement and vigour of general effect are displayed upon this elegant composition, as upon Mr. Cristall's drawings in water colours. The execution, perhaps, is not quite so determined, for want of practice in a material new to him. But there is sufficient excellence in the picture, to warrant the highest expectation from his pencil, should he determine to enter the lists with the professors of oil painting. Indeed, from the specimens of art in oil by those who have attained reputation by previously painting in water colours, we augur a style which, for purity and truth, shall exceed all that has hitherto ap-

peared in any school. Turner's exquisite paintings in oil have qualities superior to those that any other artist has ever exhibited; and these have originated from the aërial perspective and atmospheric truth which he acquired from his faithful imitations of nature painted in water colours.

No. 207. *View of Ardfert Abbey, County of Kerry, Ireland*—painted in oil.—Cornelius Varley.

We wish that our sister island was more explored by the English artists, as Hibernia abounds with romantic and picturesque subjects. Stupendous mountains, extensive lakes, rapid rivers, deep woods, and fertile plains cover the face of this beautiful island; and the remains of ancient buildings there are numerous, and afford abundant variety for graphic imitation. Mr. Varley's studies, made in several Irish counties, are sufficient evidence of this. The subject of this picture is highly interesting; the architecture of this extensive ruin is a specimen of Gothic taste very unlike those we meet with in England. It is broad and grand in style, and increases our knowledge upon so interesting a study as this is become of late, partly by the attention paid thereto by our architects, and partly through the topographical drawings of our artists, whose joint labours have, in some measure, revived the taste for such a beautiful and noble style of building, and so congenial to our country. This picture, although its colouring is rather too violent in contrast, yet has many passages admirably painted, and evinces the artist's original feeling. Its merits are sufficient to lead us to expect much from his future works.

No. 170. *Hyde-Park Fair.*—Stephanoff.

Confusion, revelling, fun, and frolic have met together in this scene, which is verily an epitome of an English fair. This young artist possesses a most fertile invention, and is not sparing of his labour. There are many admirable groups in the composition, much expression in the countenances of the figures, and great variety of character. The colouring of many individual groups is excellent. As a whole, the picture wants effect, but it abounds with lively and natural episodes.

No. 253. *Llanelted Bridge, North Wales.*—J. Varley.

The attainment of that brightness of colouring so resplendent in the works of the Venetian school, has been the pursuit of almost every eminent artist from the age of Titian to the present time. Rubens acquired that excellence, and exhibited it in several of his productions with various success. Much of its merit was visible in the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds; very few other artists had been successful in their efforts to attain this high quality in art. It had not entered the minds of painters to suppose, that the qualities of colouring, of that gem-like character which the works of Titian and Georgioni exhibit, could ever be imitated in water colours; yet the works of some of our living artists, professors of this branch of painting, have proved, that the transparent depth and lustre so much admired, can be produced by these materials, the application of which depends upon the feeling of him who applies them. In certain drawings of Cristall, Varley, and Havell,

much of the richness and depth of the Venetian style is obvious; and we doubt not, since these materials are known to possess such properties, that works may yet appear which will raise the water-colour department of art to the highest summit of excellence.

This subject of Mr. Varley's is rich and harmonious; the sky is pure, and the atmosphere clear; the trees, shrubs, and grass are coloured with a depth, richness, and vigour of effect that rivals oil-painting. This is one of the most felicitous efforts of the modern art of painting in water colours.

No. 69. *Tintern Abbey.*—The same.

The elegant specimens of architecture in many Gothic remains which adorn our beautiful island, have given birth to some of the most interesting compositions that art can produce. The Abbey of Tintern has claimed a large share of the artist's attention; its lofty ruins, extensive walls, and well proportioned windows, peeping through the ivy which flourishes in that sequestered spot, offer abundant matter for pictorial imitation. This representation of part of its romantic features forms a pleasing picture: the effect is evening, the general sentiment of which is preserved throughout the scene with painter-like skill, and with strict attention to the glowing tints of that tranquil time of the day.

No. 298. *Stag at Soil.*—R. Hills.

Notwithstanding the great predilection which the English evince for field sports, and particularly for hunting, and desirous as these sons of Nimrod appear to be to possess prints of British sports, it is rather a matter of surprise, that we have not a series of these subjects designed by some eminent animal-painter, expressly for the purpose of making a set of engravings: we doubt not that the undertaking would be attended with liberal encouragement. Mr. Hills, the author of this picture, or Messrs. Ward, Chalon, Marshall, Cooper, or others who cultivate the study of animal-painting, might produce compositions worthy the skill of the engravers of our day. Mr. Scott's distinguished talents might find ample scope in such an employment, if a liberal publisher would engage in the speculation.

This subject, of the Stag taking soil, would form one of such a series: the animal is strictly characteristic of the point of time when, hard pressed, he first takes to soil, when his formidable defence commences against his pursuers. The scenery of this picture is rich and natural; the colouring is true to that season when the stag is hunted; the composition and effect are in general harmony.

No. 235. *Stags' Heads.*—The same.

These studies, in chalk, of the head of the red deer, are drawn with great freedom, and evince an intimate knowledge of the anatomy, expression, and character of this animal: they are copied from the figure of a stag, represented in an attitude that expresses the wild terror of the animal, ready to take flight on hearing the distant cry of the hounds. This fine figure we have seen; it is modelled in plaster, with masterly taste and execution.

No. 280. *Cows in the Water.*—The same.

Those cheerful scenes which we meet in the midst of a richly cul-

tivated country, and which embrace the pleasing imagery associated with rural economy, this artist has made his particular study: hence all the compositions from his pencil are agreeable because they are well chosen, and admired because they are natural. The cattle and figures which animate these scenes are equally faithful to the prototype which he studies — nature; the cows are grouped with such judicious management, and are drawn and coloured with such consummate skill, combining with the general plan of the landscape, that the effect of the picture amounts almost to reality. Pictures with these qualities, whatever be their subject, will always meet a just appreciation. It was the cultivation of art built upon the same just observance of nature, that raised the reputation of the Flemish and Dutch schools of painting to that distinguished rank, which renders even a small cabinet picture of many of their best painters a gem in the collection of the connoisseur.

The observations which had been written upon the works of several other members of this society, and which were intended to appear in this number, are unavoidably postponed until the next.

Plate 23.—FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

A FRENCH BED-CHAMBER.

The desire to be acquainted with the fashions of other countries, will render apology needless for the introduction of furniture, certainly worthy of our notice, but not altogether suited to our habits. The English do not abandon with avidity the grand feature of our vehicle of repose for any that have been substituted, which, however novel and graceful, are deficient in this quality, and possess in a less degree the advantages of comfort and convenience.

This plate is a pictorial view of a bed-chamber *à la Françoise*, containing a bed, a window-curtain, a cabinet, and seat, and an ornamental lamp adapted to the gas-light is substituted for the chandelier. The bed is contained in a recess, situated centrically, and on each side a cabinet is placed with proper uniformity. A little contrivance would in part remedy the defects which are presented to us by placing the bed in this confined situation: although the bed may seem to pertain to the chamber alone, let it in fact be intruded into the dressing-room, and as in that apartment deep wardrobes on each side may fill up the consequent recesses, the bed will appear to be placed between the dressing-room and chamber, which may have a communication through a lobby at the ends of both rooms; the back of the otherwise sofa-bed may be made to open between the spear supports in the manner of folding doors, and thus the bed will be accessible from both the apartments, and being left open, it will be situated in a space composed of the two chambers. A contrivance something like this has long been adopted by us, but by no means

with frequent imitation; for the delicate habits of our country-women do not allow them to cultivate with great solicitude the novelties and the splendour of the French dressing-room.

The back of the bed, and the ends also, are embellished with mirrors; but half of the drawing represents quilled draperies as substituted. The furniture is of silk, with cambric linings, and the window-curtains of the same materials: the cabinets are composed of light rose wood and or-molu mouldings; and the fronts of them close by silk spring curtains, which fasten at the bottom, as heretofore described in the *Repository of Arts.*

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE weather in the early part of last month, and the month preceding, having been extremely mild and open, has brought forth a burst of vegetation more forward and luxuriant than is common to this climate. The continued rains in the month of March have injured the wheats upon all those soils where percolation was impeded, either from their tenacity, or the neglect of the farmer in not procuring a proper drainage. A dry May will be necessary to recover them; but upon all those soils where the water could escape in due time, the wheat crop never was more forward and promising.

The early sown barleys are beginning to curl and look well; but the latter sown, from the clodded state of the land, have scarcely made their appearance, and from the late dry weather are likely to be of two growths.

Beans, peas, and the whole of the leguminous class, have come up a strong plant. The peas have not suffered so much from the slug as they commonly do in wet seasons.

Winter tares, rye, clover, and all the soiling species, are a large and forward crop.

From the great quantity of turnips on hand, and the forward state of the pastures, spring food for cattle abounds more than can be recollected by the oldest farmer.

The blossom is abundant, but the frosty nights about the middle of April have destroyed a large portion of fruit in exposed situations.

MEDICAL REPORT.

AN account of the practice of a physician from the 15th of March to the 15th of April, 1815.

Acute Diseases.—Erysipelas, 4.... Catarrh, 5..Peripneumony, 2..Sore throat, 4....Scarlet fever, 3...Hooping-cough, 2...Acute diseases of infants, 10.

Chronic Diseases.—Asthenia, 8... Palsy, 2...Head-ach and vertigo, 4 ...Consumption, 2...Hœmorrhage, 3...Cough and dyspnœa, 24...Pleurodyne, 5...Gastrodynia, 2...Enterodynia, 5....Vomiting, 2....Diarrhœa, 4...Dyspepsia, 3....Dropsy, 2....Water on the brain, 2....Rheu-

matism, 6....Lumbago, 2....St. Vitus's dance, 1..Epilepsy, 2...Female complaints, 3....Diseases of the skin, 6.

Several cases of erysipelas, or St. Anthony's fire, have recently occurred. In one the face was much swelled, and the faculty of seeing lost. Besides the medicines employed, cooling applications afforded relief. In this complaint too much caution is generally exercised respecting external applications, which often prove very serviceable. Since the change of weather from the extreme of mildness to a considerable degree of cold, catarrhal and pulmonic affections have recurred, and rheumatism and sore-throat are more frequent. The cases of epilepsy were both in young men: one of them, apprentice to an engraver, had long suffered from a delicate state of health, and about three years ago had an attack which threatened water in the brain. For this complaint his then medical attendants cupped and blistered the head and back of the neck frequently. He recovered from the disease, but remained extremely weak, and six months ago became the subject of epilepsy. For this he was also treated, but without experiencing any benefit. In short, his stomach had become so enfeebled that he could not bear medicines, which in other circumstances might have produced benefit. The extract of bella donna and lunar caustic, in very small doses, seemed however to suspend the fits; but they returned with increased violence, and the state of the stomach and feeling of the patient would not admit of the dose being renewed. He is now trying the effects of repose in the country. In this case, as in many others, where the complaint has been of some standing, the faculties of the mind, especially the memory, were impaired. The disease is much more susceptible of cure in an early than in an advanced period of life, and when not suffered to fix itself in the system and become habitual, will in general yield to remedies. If it continues, however, it produces various unpleasant consequences, and materially shortens life.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PLATE 24.—WALKING DRESS.

High dress, made in cambric muslin, with deep full flounces richly worked on French cambric; a deep falling frill round the neck, to correspond. Pelisse, open, with falling collar, composed of green sarsnet, lined throughout with sarsnet of straw colour; the bottom of the sleeve trimmed with a double frill of the same; a double border of corresponding coloured trimming laid on the cuff and round the pelisse. Bonnet of straw-coloured satin, edged and trimmed with green satin ribbon, and ornamented either with a cluster of flowers or a small plume of feathers. Sandals of green kid; gloves to correspond. Parasol of straw-coloured silk.

PLATE 25.—EVENING DRESS.

Pink satin frock, richly ornamented round the bottom with a

deep border of garnet yewer, headed with a festoon of flowers; the body and sleeves trimmed with double rolls of white satin; a small border of flowers let in on the shoulder; a full plaiting of blond lace round the neck. Gloves white kid; shoes to correspond. The hair crossed, with full curls on the forehead and in the neck.

ALLEGORICAL WOOD-CUT, WITH PATTERNS OF BRITISH MANUFACTURES.

No. 1. A green striped French kluteen, designed for the spring spencer or pelisse; but is equally appropriate for evening dress: it admits of fancy trimming of the same nature, or those of quilled net or thread lace. It is furnished us by Messrs. Layton and Shears, Henrietta-street, Covent-Garden.

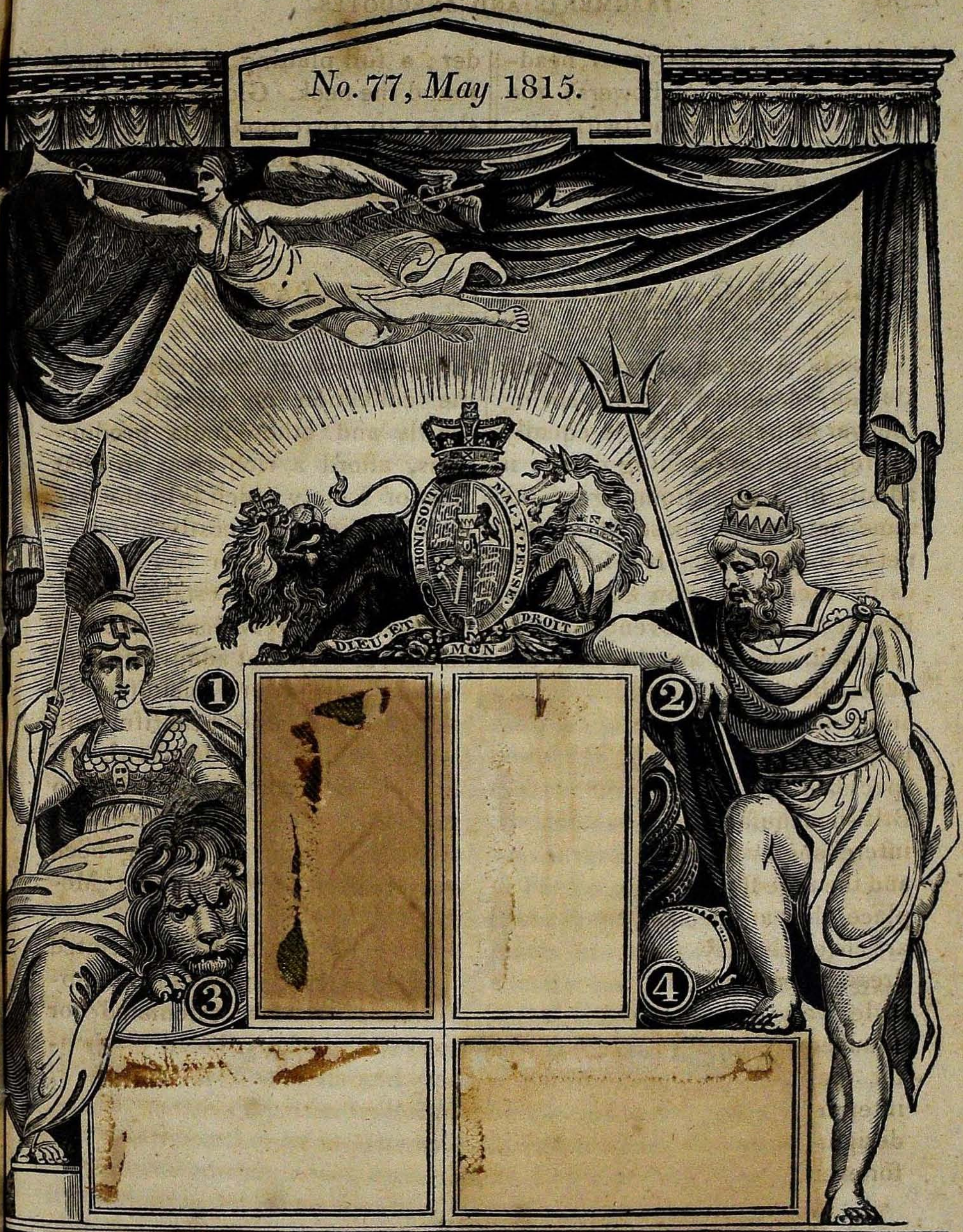
Nos. 2. and 3. are the new Japanese bettilla muslins brought out and sold by the house of Millard in the city. They are an excellent specimen of the ingenuity of the British manufacturer, and since the interchange with Parisian fashions and the rage for colours have taken place, they are become the leading article of the day. The Japanese dress, when made, in the present style, very full, with a variety of flounces, forms an admirable dress for the morning promenade and intermediate house costume. The designs in lace and other articles for evening dress, brought forward by this house, are admirable; and the collection of superb India shawls and other India productions, afford a rich treat to that class of society which is in the habit of using those costly articles: hence the proprietor has rightly styled this extensive establishment the *East India Warehouse*. At this house was seen that admirable production of Eastern manufacture and grandeur, the beautiful and magnificent Golconda shawl, valued at 780 guineas, of which no one can form a just conception without seeing it, or having been at the palaces of the Great Mogul.

No. 4. A pink and blue printed muslin, of extremely delicate appearance, equally calculated for domestic wear, or the spring bonnet and pelisse. It is sold by J. and T. Smith, Tavistock-street, Covent-Garden.

MISCELLANEOUS FRAGMENTS AND ANECDOTES.

PATIENCE OF LITERARY MEN.

AUTHORS have long and universally laboured under the imputation of being an *irritabile genus*—a set of waspish, impatient, and easily provoked men: but it may be doubted whether the charge be a just one; and a candid observer of mankind will, perhaps, be inclined to allow, that (considering the provocations, disappointments, and oppositions to which they are by their profession exposed,) less of this irritability of temper is to be imputed to them, than to any other body of men of equal number and



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R. Ackermann, 101 *Strand, London.*

publicity of character. Certain it is, that the records of literature furnish so many exemplary instances of patience and forbearance in authors, under such untoward events, as (to use a familiar phrase) would *provoke a saint;* that common justice obliges us to allow, if the world be right in the *general* charge, the *particular* exceptions to it are sufficiently numerous and splendid, to prevent the accusation from bringing down odium upon this useful profession. The two following instances may be adduced as proofs of this assertion:—In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Dr. Cooper (afterwards made Bishop of Lincoln, as a reward for his literary labour,) republished Elyot's *Bibliotheca Elyota*, with the addition of 33,000 words, and many other improvements. He had already been eight years in collecting materials for his edition, when his wife, who was a worthless and malignant woman, going one day into his library, burnt every note he had prepared, upon the pretence, that she feared he would kill himself with study. The doctor shortly after came in, and seeing the scene of havoc, enquired who was the author of it. His wife boldly avowed that it was herself: the patient man heaved a sigh, and said, "Dinah, thou hast given me a world of trouble;" and quietly sat down to another eight years of hard labour, to regain the notes he had lost.—A similar example of command of temper is related of Sir Isaac Newton. A favourite little dog had been left one day in his study, and amused himself, while alone, with tearing and destroying the papers which were left on his master's table. On Sir Isaac's return, he beheld all his elaborate calculations reduced to tatters. It is hardly credible, that he should have met the irreparable loss with the simple exclamation—"Tray, thou little knowest that thou hast destroyed the labour of twenty years!"

REMARKABLE COINCIDENCES.

Among the curiosities in the British Museum there are shewn two helmets: one Roman, found in the ground on which the battle of Cannæ was fought, 216 years before Christ; and the other, made of feathers, brought from one of the South Sea Islands by Captain Cook. On comparing these helmets, the shape will be found exactly similar, though the latter was made by an uncivilized people living at the distance of upwards of 2000 years since the battle of Cannæ was fought, and who never heard of the Roman name.

The second coincidence is found in the same collection. Two breastplates are shown to the visitors, exactly corresponding in uniformity of shape, one taken from the bosom of an Egyptian mummy, which had been dissected, if I may be allowed to use the term, in the Museum, and the other brought by Captain Cook, among various other curiosities, from the South Sea Islands.

The third coincidence is the manner, described by Capt. Cook, in which the South Sea Islanders roast their hogs. This is by means of hot stones placed under ground, and in Ossian's poems the reader will find, that the Caledonians of that time made use of the same method in cooking their hogs for the table.

A LADY'S GARTER.

It is not the first time in English history that a lady's garter has acquired celebrity; but an occurrence of rather a ludicrous nature took place a short time since, in consequence of an unhappy blunder respecting a garter. Sir Isaac Heard, Garter King at Arms, was spending some weeks at a watering-place on the southern coast of Devonshire, where he was much visited by the neighbouring gentry, and in returning their visits, left his card at the several houses, whose inhabitants happened to be absent from home. Sir Isaac Heard values himself upon being the oldest sovereign in Europe, and in consequence has his royal insignia, the crown and sceptre, George and garter, engraved upon his card, and has his name inserted on the garter. A lady of the neighbourhood, not exactly acquainted with the style, title, rank, and dignity of this venerable sovereign, chanced to light on one of Sir Isaac's name-cards, and apprehending that he was a man of some rank from London, she took it for granted, that it was a prevailing new fashion in town, to have name-cards with garters on them. Thinking it was as good to be out of the world as out of the fashion, she immediately sent an order to an engraver to have her name engraved, and upon no account to forget the new fashion of engraving it upon a garter. The engraver faithfully executed the order, the printer struck off the impression without loss of time, and the lady proceeded to leave her garter behind her at the house of every acquaintance, who, fortunately for her, was not at home, quite unconscious that it might at least have been a prudent precaution to have inscribed *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* She, however, found herself sufficiently quizzed by the waggish bachelors, to discover the sad mistake she had fallen into. This is a true story, and occurred only four years ago, at a place not 20 miles from Exeter; where Sir Isaac attended the public balls, and was thought by the ladies to dance remarkably well.

INGENIOUS DETECTION OF A THIEF.

The late Mr. Charles Gardener, of Colerain, printer and bookseller, was not more remarkable for his mechanical ingenuity, than for his ready wit and whimsical contrivance on several occasions. A poor neighbour of his came to him one morning, with a woeful countenance, and told him, almost all his wearing apparel had been stolen the night before, begging he would give him his advice how he should proceed, in order to detect the thief and recover his property. Mr. G. asked him if he suspected any particular person of committing the theft. He replied he did, and mentioned his name. "Then step into my shop," said he, "and for *three halfpence* I will tell you how to get back your clothes." The poor man was rejoiced to hear this, paid the money, and received a *Catechism with the alphabet.* "Now put this little book into your pocket," said Mr. G. "go to the man you suspect, charge him boldly with the theft, and tell him you have his *name in your pocket;* adding, that if your clothes are not returned before to-

morrow night, his name shall be published through the whole neighbourhood." This stratagem had the desired effect. The clothes were sent back that very night.

THE TOAD AND FROG.

The following facts, stated on the authority of the person by whom they were observed, prove what services may be rendered to us by animals whom popular prejudice has subjected to unmerited persecution:—

In the evening of the 2d of August, 1793, whilst walking in my garden, by the side of a small hedge which had lately been clipped, I heard a rustling among some dry leaves, and looking to the spot, observed a large toad crawling over them, and in a more erect posture than is usual to see that animal; at the same instant, I saw a very large white moth, vulgarly called a miller-fly, making several quick and circular flights around the toad, at the apparent distance of four or five feet from him, the creature standing erect and staring full upon it: the moth then settled upon a sprig of balm near the toad, and immediately on its settling, it ran along the sprig, with shivering wings as if wounded, towards the toad, till it was at the end, when the toad opened its mouth, and the insect flew in, and was swallowed instantaneously. I had never beheld so quick an action, and stood some time lost in amazement at what I had seen.

With what admiration may we contemplate the works of the all-wise Creator, in forming the eye of this reptile (for the eye is undoubtedly the agent by which it acts) with such a fascinating power, by which it is enabled to feed upon the winged insect, which, from the natural slowness of its gait, it could not otherwise secure!

To this may be added, the assertion of a late author, who assures us to have seen a mouse running round a large toad, which stood looking earnestly at it, with its mouth open; still the mouse made less and less circles about it, crying all the while, as if compelled thereto, and at last, with a deal of seeming reluctance, ran into the gaping mouth, and was then swallowed.

In the summer of last year, I was invited by a friend to walk in his garden, to view a bed of tulips; and while making my remarks on the grand variety, a very fine frog leaped across the path I stood upon, and as I was always an admirer of nature, I watched it under a gooseberry bush, where there happened to lie a large leaf of a tulip; the frog immediately mounted on the highest part of the leaf, and placing himself in a very erect position, looking most attentively up into the bush, remained in this attitude at least ten minutes, without moving the breadth of a hair. I called my friend to come and observe, as well as myself, and he advanced to look for the supposed object of the frog's attention. At that moment the frog made a spring up under the bush, and brought down a quantity of caterpillars, and devoured them with the greatest rapidity; nor was he the least alarmed at our standing so near him, as he immediately returned to the same spot as before, and as many times repeated the attack with the same success. As the caterpillars hung in small clusters, he never brought

down less than from five to eight at a time, and then picked them up from the ground as quick as fowls pick up corn. After swallowing them, he always opens his mouth as wide as possible, as if adjusting his tongue; but the truth of this we could not ascertain. My friend was much pleased with my observation, as he declared he never knew the frog so valuable as to be capable of keeping his gooseberry and currant-trees from those destructive visitors.

COOKE, THE MISER.

There was no greater pest to the medical tribe than old Cooke, the miser, who died a short time since at Pentonville. Many are the anecdotes of the tricks this avaricious old man used to play, to cheat medical men and save his money; such as putting on ragged clothes, and going as a pauper to Mr. Sanders and other gentlemen, to have gratuitous advice for his eyes—getting a letter for the dispensary, and attending there as a decayed tradesman, for several weeks, until detected. Having a wound in his leg, he employed a Mr. Pigeon, who lived nearly opposite to him, in White Lion-street, Pentonville, to cure it. "How long do you think it will be before you can cure it?"—"A month."—"And how much must I give you?" Mr. Pigeon, who saw the wound was not of any great importance, answered, "A guinea."—"Very well," replied Cooke; "but mark this—a guinea is an immense sum of money, and when I agree upon sums of such magnitude, I go upon the system of *no cure, no pay;* so, if I am not cured by the expiration of the month, I pay nothing." This was agreed to: after diligent attention for several days, the wound was so near being healed, that Cooke expressed himself satisfied; and would not let Pigeon see it any more. However, within two or three days of the month being up, the old fellow got some sort of plaister, with euphorbium to it, from a farrier, and made a new wound on the place where the former had been; and sending for Pigeon on the last day of the month, shewed him that his leg was not well, and that of course the guinea he had agreed for was *forfeited.* This story the old fellow used to tell of himself with great satisfaction, and used to call it "plucking a Pigeon." When on his deathbed, he sent for several medical men (some would not attend); among those who went to see him, Mr. Aldridge, of Pentonville, was one. Him he permitted to send some medicine. At one of the interviews he earnestly entreated Mr. Aldridge to tell him candidly how long he thought he might live. The answer was, he might probably live six days. Cooke, collecting all his strength, and starting up in bed, exclaimed, "And are you not a dishonest man, a rogue, and a robber, to serve me so?"—"As how?" asked Mr. Aldridge, with surprise.—"Why, sir, you are no better than a pickpocket, to go to rob me of my gold, by sending in two draughts a day to a man that all your physic will not keep alive above six days! Get out of my house, and never come near me again."

AFRICAN SONG.

The following are the words to an original African melody—an air

of the Eboo nation, composed at Guiana, by a negro watchman. When the moon was at the full, he usually sung all night; the airs were wild and strange, sometimes bold and energetic, but oftener languishing and melancholy. The lacerations on his body, and the skin of the forehead cut and dragged down over his eyes, denoted a noble origin; he had been taken in battle and sold; his employment was that of a hunter by day and a watchman by night; he deemed his labours light, and his situation happy, and was accounted by his master a faithful and excellent negro. Pairika (for that was his name) was a poet as well as a musician; the music he sang was all Eboo, and the songs were of the wars or loves of his nation, or of the most striking objects by which he was surrounded; those on the two latter subjects were of his own composition, and sometimes extemporary. One night, after heavy rains, the air was filled with fire-flies. Pairika was singing this melody; it was one of his greatest favourites; his tone and manner were unusually earnest. He continued his song a long time with very little variety either in the words or music, and his song, which was measured, but without rhyme, and which was certainly suggested by his own situation and feelings, consisted of this idea:—

"Virtue is not visible amid the glare of pleasure (or happiness); it shines through tears, and becomes radiant in misfortune—like the fire-fly, which lights its lamp in the shower, and sparkles most brilliantly in the thickest gloom."

In imitation of this idea, the following lines were written and adapted to music:—

THE FIRE-FLY.

When the sun with garish eye,
Like pleasure, spreads his splendours bright,
Then thy beams unheeded lie,
Unseen thy pale, thy purer light,
Fire-fly! fire-fly!
But when the clouds dissolve in rain,
And night enshrouds the world in gloom,
Like hope, thou sparklest bright again,
And deepest shades thy rays illume,
Fire-fly! fire-fly!
Thus pleasure's false and fickle light
Fades like evening's transient rays;
But virtue cheers misfortune's night,
As cheers the gloom thy radiant blaze,
Fire-fly! fire-fly!

AMERICAN NAMES.

Of all people who ever imposed names upon a newly discovered country, the Americans have certainly been the most unlucky in their choice: witness Big-muddy river, and Little-muddy river, Little-shallow river, Good-woman river, Little Good-woman creek, Grindstone creek, Cupboard creek, Biscuit creek, Blowing-fly creek, *cum multis aliis* in the same delightful taste. When this country shall have its civilized inhabitants, its cities, its scholars, and its poets, how sweetly will such names sound in American verse!

Ye plains, where sweet Big-muddy rolls along,
And Tea-pot, one day to be famed in song,
Where swans on Biscuit and on Grindstone glide,
And willows wave upon Good-Woman's side;
How shall your happy streams in after time
Tune the soft lay and fill the sonorous rhyme!
Blest bards, who in your amorous verse shall call
On murmuring Pork and gentle Cannon-Ball;
Split-Rock, and Stick-Lodge, and Two-thousand-Mile,
White-Lime, and Cupboard, and Bad-humour'd-Isle!
Flow, Little-Shallow, flow! and be thy stream
Their great example, as it will their theme!
Isis with Rum and Onion must not vie,
Cam shall resign the palm to Blowing-Fly,
And Thames and Tagus yield to great Big-Little-Dry.

Poetry.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

From "The Velvet Cushion," by the Rev. J. W. Cunningham. (Written by the Vicar on the first page of his folio edition of "Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity.")

And is our country's father* fled?
His car of fire can none recall?
Be—here his sacred spirit shed,
Here—may his prophet mantle fall!
Fain would I fill the vacant breach,
Stand where he stood the plague to stay;
In his prophetic spirit preach,
And in his hallowed accents pray.
It is not that on seraph's wing
I hope to soar where he has soared;
This, this the lonely claim I bring—
I love *his* church, I love his Lord:
I love the altar of my sires,
Old as my country's rocks of steel;
And as I feed its sacred fires,
The present Deity I feel.
I love to know, that not alone
I meet the battle's angry tide;
That sainted myriads from their throne
Descend to combat at my side.
Mine is no solitary choice,
See here the seal of saints impress'd;
The prayer of millions swells my voice,
The mind of ages fills my breast.
I love the ivy-mantled tower,
Rock'd by the storms of thousand years;
The grave whose melancholy flower
Was nourish'd by a martyr's tears;
The sacred yew, so feared in war,
Which, like the sword to David given,
Inflicted not a human scar,
But lent to man the arms of heaven.
I love the organ's joyous swell,
Sweet echo of the heavenly ode;
I love the cheerful village bell,
Faint emblem of the call of God.
Waked by the sound, I bend my feet,
I bid my swelling sorrows cease;
I do but touch the mercy-seat,
And hear the still small voice of peace.

And, as the ray of evening fades,
I love amidst the dead to stand;
Where, in the altar's deep'ning shades,
I seem to meet the ghostly band.

* Hooker.

One comes—oh! mark his sparkling eye,
I knew his faith, his strong endeavour;
Another—ah! I hear him sigh,
Alas! and is he lost for ever?

Another treads the shadowy aisle,
I know him—'tis my sainted sire—
I know his patient, angel smile,
His shepherd's voice, his eye of fire:
His ashes rest in yonder urn,
I saw his death, I clos'd his eye;
Bright sparks amidst those ashes burn,
That death has taught me how to die.

Long be our father's temple our's,
Woe to the hand by which it falls!
A thousand spirits watch its towers,
A cloud of angels guards its walls:
And be their shield by us possess'd!
Lord, rear around thy blest abode
The buttress of a holy breast,
The rampart of a present God.

A FRAGMENT.

Far over Methven's wide extended plain
The god of slaughter held his iron reign,
While fierce Bellona, with her savage crew,
Triumphant hail'd the carnage as it grew.
Pale Scotland curs'd the issue of a day,
Where all her high wrought hopes had flown away;
Yet England's dragon bless'd the horrid sight,
For countless foemen press'd the field of fight:
Spare none, spare none, the furious Pembroke cries,
Fires unrelenting shot from his swart eyes;
Soldiers! pursue, complete the glorious deed,
Thro' every vein let rebel Scotia bleed.
Long was the carnage, longer still had been,
But murky darkness shot athwart the scene;
Beneath the friendly shade the vanquish'd fly,
So late of hope bereft, except—to die;

LONDON MARKETS.

Return of Wheat from March 27 to April 1.

TOTAL 10,332 quarters. — Average, 71s. 2d. per quarter, or 4s. 2½d. per quarter higher than last return.

Return of Flour from April 1 to 7.

TOTAL, 11,612 sacks. — Average, 68s. 4d. per sack, or 1s. 6½d. per sack higher than last return.

Average of England and Wales, April 8.

	s	d		s	d		s	d
Wheat	70	5	Barley	30	7	Beans	36	9
Rye -	37	11	Oats -	24	3	Pease	40	3

CORN, SEEDS, &c.

	s.	s.	s.		s.	s.	s.
Wheat white, per quarter	54	76	—	Tares, per bushel -	7	9	—
——red - -	44	72	—	Turnip - -	20	24	—
——foreign	44	65	—	Mustard, brown -	12	18	—
Rye - - -	28	34	—	——white	7	14	—
Barley, English	26	32	—	Canary, per qr.	9.	100	—
Malt - - -	60	72	—	Hempseed -	60	68	—
Oats Feed -	17	25	—	Linseed - -	63	112	—
——Friezland	—	—	—	Clover, red, per cwt	49	81	—
——Poland	18	28	—	——white	58	113	—
——Potatoe	23	30	—	——foreign, red	50	90	—
Beans, Pigeon	31	33	—	——white	65	110	—
——Horse -	—	—	—	Trefoil - -	9	29	—
Pease, Boiling	40	54	—	Carraway -	6.	92	—
——Grey -	32	38	—	Coriander -	10	14	—
Flour per sack	60	70	—				
——Seconds	55	60	—				
——Scotch	55	58	—				

American Flour — s a — s per barrel of 196lbs.
Rapeseed, per last - - - £32 a £35 a £—.
Oil Cakes, per thousand, £14. —s. to £0 0s.

SUGAR, &c. per Cwt.

	s		s
Muscovade, fine	100	a	105
——good	92	a	99
——ordinary	80	a	90
East India white	105	a	115
——yellow	95	a	104
——brown	80	a	94

MOLASSES 34s. 0d. a —s. —d.

REFINED SUGAR.

	s		s
Double Loaves	180	a	200
Hambro' ditto	155	a	170
Powder ditto	145	a	156
Single ditto	140	a	150
Canary Lumps	138	a	144
Large ditto	134	a	136
Bastards, whole	80	a	90
——faces	94	a	100
——middles	82	a	88
——tips -	76	a	82

GINGER.

	s		s
Jamaica, white	82	a	200
Barbadoes, ditto	75	a	80
——black	70	a	75

RICE, *Bonded.*

	s		s
Carolina -	24	a	26
Brazil - -	26	a	28

COFFEE, *Bonded.*

	s	d		s	d
Dominica, Surinam, &c.					
Fine -	75	0	a	85	0
Good	70	0	a	74	0
Ordinary	67	0	a	69	0
Triage	30	0	a	50	0
Jamaica.					
Fine	75	0	a	85	0
Good	60	0	a	74	0
Ordinary	40	0	a	59	0
Triage	20	0	a	39	0
Mocha	300	0	a	600	0
Bourbon	90	0	a	120	0
St. Domingo	60	0	a	70	0
Java -	90	0	a	100	0

COCOA, *Bonded.*

	s	d		s
Trinidad and Carraccas	90	0	a	100
Plantation	65	0	a	80

SPICES and PEPPER, per lb.

	s	d		s
Nutmegs	18	0	a	24
Cloves	10	0	a	10
Cinnamon	10	6	a	11
Mace	36	0	a	42
Pepp. white	5	3	a	—
——black	2	5	a	2
Pimento	2	0	a	—

Average price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, 62s. 7d.

The Shippers have made some considerable purchases of Sugar this week, both raw and refined, and the advanced prices as quoted are readily obtained.

HOPS in the Borough.

BAGS	£	s		£	s	POCKETS	£	s		£	s
Kent - -	5	0	a	7	15	Kent - -	5	12	a	8	12
Sussex - -	4	10	a	6	12	Sussex - -	5	5	a	7	7
Essex - -	0	0	a	0	0	Farnham	11	0	a	14	0

CORN, &c. per Quarter.

April		Wheat, s		s	Barley, s		s	Oats. s		s	Beans. s		s	Pease. s		s
Newcastle	8	54	a	70	28	a	30	22	a	25	28	a	36	40	a	42
Northampton	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Canterbury	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Lewes	15	68	a	74	28	a	30	21	a	26	34	a	38	35	a	38
Chesterfield	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Ashborne	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Guildford	15	—	a	—	28	a	30	25	a	32	35	a	42	38	a	41
Gainsboro'	11	60	a	80	26	a	34	17	a	24	30	a	36	—	a	—
Louth	12	60	a	66	22	a	24	15	a	20	28	a	30	—	a	—
Huntingdon	8	47	a	80	30	a	35	18	a	25	24	a	34	—	a	—
Newark	12	60	a	84	27	a	30	20	a	24	32	a	36	—	a	—
Spilsby	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Rygate	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Devizes	13	46	a	90	24	a	35	30	a	33	37	a	50	—	a	—
Reading	15	40	a	87	24	a	32	26	a	31	27	a	47	41	a	—
Swansea	12	68	a	—	27	a	—	25	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Henley	13	48	a	80	26	a	35	20	a	30	29	a	44	30	a	38
Maidenhead	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Salisbury	11	56	a	80	25	a	29	23	a	30	42	a	52	—	a	—
Penrith	11	73	a	—	35	a	—	28	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Hull	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Basingstoke	12	48	a	80	28	a	31	23	a	30	32	a	40	—	a	—
Wakefield	14	64	a	76	32	a	33	26	a	28	38	a	42	34	a	36
Andover	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Warminster	15	50	a	82	28	a	36	24	a	28	32	a	56	—	a	—

SPIRITS, *per Gallon (exclusive of duty).*

	s	d		s	d		s	d		s	d
Brandy, Cog.	8	9	a	9	6	Mol. Spirits, British	13	10	a	14	0
——Spanish	5	0	a	5	2	——Irish -	0	0	a	0	0
Hollands Gin	8	0	a	8	6	——Scotch	0	0	a	0	0
Rum, Jamaica	4	6	a	6	9	Spirits of Wine	24	0	a	0	0
——Lew, Isl.	3	8	a	4	6						

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR MARCH, 1815.

Conducted at Manchester by THOMAS HANSON, *Esq.*

1815. MARCH	*Wind.*	*Pressure.*			*Temperature.*			*Weather.*	*Evap.*	*Rain.*
		Max.	*Min.*	*Mean.*	*Max.*	*Min.*	*Mean.*			
1	S W 2	30,40	30,24	30,320	49,0°	37,0°	43,00°	fine	.022	—
☽ 2	N W 2	30,34	30,24	30,290	48,0	38,0	43,00	cloudy	.020	
3	S W 1	30,34	30,22	30,280	48,0	34,0	41,00	fine	.018	
4	S W 1	30,34	30,22	30,280	52,0	41,0	46,50	cloudy	.026	—
5	W 1	30,22	30,20	30,210	52,0	40,0	46,00	cloudy	—	—
6	S W 1	30,20	30,06	30,130	52,0	38,0	45,00	fine	—	
7	W 3	30,06	29,38	29,720	53,0	42,0	47,50	rainy	—	—
8	W 4	29,60	29,08	29,340	50,0	38,0	44,00	rainy	—	.850
9	W 3	29,26	29,08	29,170	44,0	34,0	39,00	fine	—	—
10	W 3	29,34	29,26	29,300	44,0	33,0	38,50	variable	.220	
● 11	W 4	29,60	29,34	29,470	43,0	32,0	37,50	variable	.045	.400
12	S W 3	29,34	28,96	29,150	44,0	32,0	38,00	variable	.014	—
13	S W 2	29,30	28,76	29,030	45,0	35,0	40,00	rainy	.038	—
14	N W 3	29,98	29,30	29,640	45,0	35,0	40,00	cloudy	.032	—
15	S W 2	29,98	29,70	29,840	41,0	33,0	37,00	rainy	.026	—
16	S W 3	29,98	29,70	29,840	52,0	42,0	47,00	fine	.060	—
17	S W 3	30,10	29,98	30,040	50,0	39,0	44,50	brilliant	.046	.930
☾ 18	N W 2	30,10	30,10	30,100	51,0	41,0	46,00	variable	.024	—
19	N W 1	30,00	30,06	30,030	53,0	45,0	49,00	gloomy	.023	.080
20	S 1	30,00	29,90	29,980	54,0	46,0	50,00	gloomy	.026	
21	S W 2	29,90	29,58	29,740	55,0	46,0	50,50	rainy	.052	—
22	S W 3	29,58	29,58	29,580	54,0	44,0	49,00	variable	.044	.350
23	W 4	29,58	29,18	29,380	52,0	42,0	47,00	variable	.050	—
24	S W 2	29,58	29,30	29,440	52,0	48,0	50,00	variable	.034	.280
○ 25	S W 2	29,64	29,30	29,470	47,0	34,0	40,50	rainy	.040	—
26	S 3	29,64	29,56	29,600	50,0	33,0	41,50	rainy	.020	.090
27	S W 3	29,56	29,32	29,440	55,0	46,0	50,50	cloudy	.040	—
28	S W 2	30,02	29,56	29,790	53,0	40,0	46,50	cloudy	.060	—
29	S W 2	30,02	29,96	29,990	58,0	38,0	48,50	cloudy	.040	—
30	S 1	30,02	29,96	29,990	56,0	38,0	47,00	brilliant	.060	
31	S 1	29,96	29,88	29,920	67,0	44,0	55,50	brilliant	.080	.350
			Mean	29,758		*Mean*	44,79		1.158	3.330

RESULTS.

Mean pressure, 29,758—Maximum, 30,40, wind S. W. 2.—Minimum, 28,76, wind S. W. 2.—Range, 1.64 of an inch.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is .74 of an inch, which was on the 13th.

Spaces described by the curve, formed from the mean daily pressure, 4,7 inches.—Number of changes, 8.

Mean temperature, 44.79°.—Max. 67°, wind S. 1.—Min. 32°, wind S. W. 3.—Range 35°.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 23°, which was on the 31st.

Water evaporated (from a surface of water exposed to the effects of winds and the sun, but not to its direct rays), 1.158 of an inch.

Fall of rain, 3.330 inches—rainy days, 21—snowy, 3—haily, 10.

WIND.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Variable.	Calm.
0	0	0	0	4	16	7	4	0	0

Brisk winds 10—Boisterous ones 3.

Notes.—4th. Drizzly rain to-day.—7th. The 6th was very calm and sultry—to-day was one continued fall of rain, particularly in the evening.—8th. Violent gusts of wind from the west early this morning, attended with much rain and a great depression of the barometer.—13th. Unusual decrease and increase of the mercurial surface; the space described in 24 hours was .74 of an inch.—14th. Sudden gusts of wind from the N. W. from whence dense clouds arose, which let fall showers of hail and rain.—16th. Much rain during the night, which caused a great and sudden rise in the river Irwell.—17th. The weather, from the 1st, has been humid, mild, and frequently clear; of course, very favourable to vegetation.—23d. Frequent hail and rain showers; in the afternoon, there was a most violent hail shower that continued upwards of half an hour; the stones were larger than peas, and much incrusted.—26th. Hail showers have been very common since the 20th; indeed, this period has been remarkable for hail storms; all that were observed were accompanied with a strong S. W. or W. wind.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR MARCH, 1815.

Conducted by Mr. J. Gibson, Laboratory, Stratford, Essex.

1815. MAR.	Wind.	Pressure. Max.	Pressure. Min.	Pressure. Mean.	Temperature. Max.	Temperature. Min.	Temperature. Mean.	Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
1	S W	30,26	30,20	30,230	58°	39°	48,5°	fine	—	—
☽ 2	Var.	30,24	30,20	30,220	50	38	44,0	drizzly	—	—
3	S W	30,26	30,24	30,250	52	39	45,5	cloudy	—	
4	S W	30,26	30,19	30,225	54	45	49,5	fine	—	
5	S W	30,24	30,17	30,205	54	42	48,0	fair	—	
6	W	30,24	30,13	30,185	—	—	—	fair	—	
7	S W	30,13	29,58	29,855	55	48	51,5	showers	—	—
8	W	29,64	29,58	29,610	55	37	46,0	rainy	.49	—
9	S W	29,36	29,27	29,315	45	34	39,5	bleak	—	.98
10	N W	29,48	29,36	29,420	44	31	37,5	cloudy	—	—
● 11	W	29,64	29,56	29.600	44	34	39,0	cloudy	.47	—
12	S W	29,56	29,09	29,325	49	38	43,5	gloomy	—	—
13	Var.	29,59	29,08	29,335	49	38	43,5	squally	—	—
14	N W	30,00	29,59	29,795	47	35	41,0	windy	—	—
15	S W	30,00	29,77	29,885	54	41	47,5	rainy	—	.78
16	W	29,97	29,77	29,870	58	45	51,5	showery	—	—
17	N W	30,05	29,97	30,010	53	43	48,0	fine	—	
☾ 18	N W	30,07	29,99	30,030	52	47	49,5	cloudy	1.17	.12
19	N W	30,07	30,00	30,035	54	46	50,0	cloudy	—	
20	E	30,00	29,89	29,945	59	44	51,5	fine	—	
21	S W	29,89	29,73	29,810	60	48	54,0	cloudy	—	—
22	S W	29,73	29,48	29,605	57	48	52,5	showery	.41	—
23	S W	29,56	29,37	29,465	53	42	47,5	squally	—	—
24	S W	29,58	29,45	29,515	54	43	48,5	cloudy	—	—
☽ 25	S W	29,80	29,58	29,690	51	35	43,0	showers	.51	.24
26	S W	29,80	29,59	29,695	52	45	48,5	windy	—	—
27	S W	29,64	29,55	29,595	53	50	54,0	rainy	—	.32
28	S W	30,05	29,64	29,845	58	48	53,0	stormy	—	—
29	S	30,00	29,93	29,965	66	49	57,5	fine	.61	
30	S W	30,00	29,98	29,990	60	44	52,0	fine	—	
31	Var.	29,98	29,80	29,890	73	49	61,0	fine	.26	
			Mean	29,819		*Mean*	48,2	*Total*	3.92*in.*	2.44*in.*

RESULTS.—Mean height of barometer, 29,819 inches; highest observation, 30,26 inches; lowest, 29,08 inches.—Mean height of thermometer, 48,2°.; highest observation, 73°.—lowest, 31°.—Total of evaporation, 3,92 inch.—Total of rain, 2,44 inch.

Notes.—9th. Several showers of hail in the afternoon—strong cold wind all day.—10th. Some snow early this morning.—12th. Showers—windy.—13th. Very stormy day—some thunder, with heavy showers of hail and rain in the afternoon—evening more calm—wind variable. —14th. Strong wind with showers.—23d Very squally day with showers.—26th. Stormy day—wind very boisterous during the night.—27th. Very boisterous wind with rain.—28th. Very boisterous wind all day.—29th. Morning calm.—31st. Very fine day.

WIND.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Variable.
0	0	1	0	1	17	4	5	3

Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery, and Public Institution Shares, &c. &c. for April, 1815.

Eagle Fire Office	£2 3s.	pr. sh.	Birmingham Canal	£695	pr.sh.
Globe Ditto	109	do.	Kennet and Avon	20 a 21	do.
Hope Ditto	2 2s.		East India Dock	132	do.
Royal Exchange	258	do.	London Ditto	84 10	do.
East London Water-Works	65	do.	Highgate Archway	9	do.
Chelsea Ditto	12 5	do.	Russell Institution	17	do.
Grand Junction Canal	34 a 35	do.	Surry Ditto	13 10	do.
Chesterfield Ditto	100	do.	London ditto	41	do.
Shropshire Ditto	78	do.	Gas Light	10	pm.

WOLFE & Co. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill, & FORTUNE & Co. 13, Cornhill.

PRICES OF STOCKS.

Date.	Bank Stock	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 pr.ct. Red.	4 pr.ct. Cons.	Navy 5 pr.ct.	Long Ann.	Omnium.	Impl.3 pr.ct.	Impl. Anns.	Irish 5 pr. ct	S. Sea Stock.	S. Sea Anns.	India Stock	Exchqr. Bills.3½d.	India Bonds.	St. Lotty. Tickets.	Cons. Apr. 12
Mar. 21	Shut	60a⅝	61¼	78⅛	91⅛	Shut	8⅛ Dis.	—	—	Shut	—	—	Shut	3 Dis.	1 Dis.	£22. 7s.	60¾a⅛
22	—	60a59½	60⅜	Shut	90½	—	8¾ Dis.	58⅞	—	—	—	—	—	3 Dis.	1 Dis.		60⅛59⅝
23	—	58⅝a9⅜	59⅜	77¾	89⅞	15¼	9¾ Dis.	—	3½	—	—	58½	—	1 Dis.	Par.		58¾59⅜
24	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		—
25	—	58a¾	—	—	89⅛	—	10¾ Dis.	—	—	—	—	—	—	1 Pm.	1 Pm.		58a¾
27	—	58⅛a57⅞	—	77¼	88⅞	—	11¼ Dis.	—	—	—	—	—	—	1 Pm.	2 Pm.		58⅜57⅞
28	—	57⅝a56¼	56⅞	76	88	14⅝	12⅝ Dis.	—	—	—	62	—	—	1 Dis.	2 Pm.		57⅞56¾
29	—	56⅝a57⅛	57¼	75¼	87½	14 11/16	12⅝ Dis.	55¾	—	—	—	—	—	1 Dis.	2 Pm.		56⅜57¼
30	—	56¾a57⅜	56⅞	—	87½	—	12⅛ Dis.	—	—	—	—	—	—	2 Dis.	1 Pm.		56⅞57½
31	—	57⅛a58½	58⅝	76	88⅜	15⅛	10⅞ Dis.	57⅞	—	—	—	—	—	1 Dis.	2 Pm.		57¼58¾
April 1	—	57⅜a⅝	58	—	87⅞	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	3 Dis.	1 Dis.		57⅞a⅜
3	—	58a56¾	57⅝	—	88	—	—	—	—	—	62	—	—	5 Dis.	3 Dis.		58¼56⅞
4	—	57a56½	57½	75¼	87⅛	—	—	—	—	—	61¾	56¾	—	2 Pm.	Par.		56⅝57¼
5	—	57⅛a⅝	57⅞	Shut	87⅜	—	—	57⅛	—	—	—	57¼	—	3 Pm.	2 Pm.		57¼a⅝
6	—	57¾a½	56½	73¾	87½	14 7/16	—	—	3 7/16	—	—	—	—	2 Pm.	2 Pm.	£23. 3s.	57⅞a½
7	225	57⅞a⅜	56⅝	73⅜	87⅞	14 7/16	—	57¼	—	—	—	—	—	4 Pm.	3 Pm.		58a57¼
8	—	57¼a½	56⅜	73	87⅞	14 7/16	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	4 Pm.	4 Pm.		57¼a½
10	225	57⅜a⅞	56½	73⅜	88⅜	14½	—	57¼	—	—	—	—	—	5 Pm.	4 Pm.		57½a½
11	226	57¾a½	56½	73⅜	89¼	14½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	5 Pm.	4 Pm.		57¾a½
12	—	57¾a⅛	56⅝	73¼	89⅛	14½	—	57	—	—	—	—	179	5 Pm	6 Pm.	May 25.	57⅜a⅞
13	—	56⅝a57	55⅞	72½	88	14⅜	—	—	—	85¼	—	—	—	6 Pm.	8 Pm.		56⅝57⅛
14	231	56⅞a57¼	56⅛	72¼	87¾	14 7/16	—	56½	—	—	—	—	175½	6 Pm.	9 Pm.		56⅞57¼
15	—	56¾a57⅛	56⅛	72¼	87½	14 7/16	—	—	3½	—	—	—	—	6 Pm.	9 Pm.		56¾57⅛
17	—	57a56¾	56⅛	71⅞	87¼	14 7/16	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	7 Pm.	8 Pm.		57a56¾
18	232	56¾a57¼	56¼	71⅞	86½	14⅜	—	—	—	—	—	—	175½	10 Pm.	8 Pm.		56¾57¼
19	232	57⅛a½	56½	72	86½	14⅜	—	56¾	—	—	—	—	—	10 Pm.	8 Pm.	£22. 15s.	57½a⅛
20	232	57¼a½	56½	72⅛	86⅝	14⅜	—	—	—	—	—	—	175½	10 Pm.	8 Pm.		57¼a½

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